

ORIGINAL EC COMICS FROM THE 1950s!

TERROR



NO. 11
MAR

TALES



200
27¢
CANADA

FROM THE

CRYPT



FEATURING...



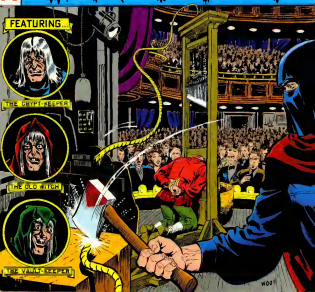
THE CRYPT-KEEPER



THE OLD WITCH



THE VODOO MAN



THE CRYPT OF TERROR

HEH, HEH! SO YOU'RE BACK FOR MORE, EH? SO YOU LIKE HORROR STORIES, EH? WELL, I'VE GOT A LITTLE TALE ABOUT PEOPLE WHO LIKE HORROR THAT WILL WARM YOUR COLD HEARTS! YES, IT'S ME... THE CRYPT-KEEPER... YOUR HOST IN THE CRYPT OF TERROR! COME IN! JUST DRAG OVER THAT BUNLAP BAG AND SIT DOWN! IT'S WIDE AND SOFT! THE CORPSE IN IT ISN'T QUITE STIFF YET! COMFY! GOOD? NOW LISTEN TO THE TERROR-TALE I TELL.

WELL-COOKED HAMS!



THE HUNCHBACK COWERED BEFORE THE RED-HOT STOVE, A BOTTLE OF ACID RAISED MEANINGLY IN HIS WARTY HAND! THE SHAGGY-HAIRED UGLY MAN MOVED TOWARD THE TERRORIZED HUNCHBACK, REACHING FOR HIS NECK...

I'M GOING TO
CHOP! YOU! YOU
TWISTED LITTLE
MONSTER!

KEEP AWAY FROM
ME! THIS IS ACID
I HAVE! IF YOU
DARE! MR. I'LL



THE WILD LOOKING MAN'S STONE FINGERS CLOSED ON THE HUNCHBACK'S THROAT! SUDDENLY HE SCREAMED IN PAIN! THE HUNCHBACK HAD FLUNG THE CONTENTS OF THE ACID BOTTLE INTO HIS FACE...



SHRIeking HISTERICALLY, THE SHAGGY ONE FLUNG THE HUNCHBACK'S FACE DOWN UPON THE BLOWING TOP OF THE RED-HOT STOVE! THE HUNCHBACK HOWLED! A HISsing SOUND WAS HEARD AND A CLOUD OF SMOKE AROSE FROM THE BURNING FLESH...



SUDDENLY THE ENTIRE SCENE WAS FLOTTED OUT BY A FLASH OF RED VELVET! AS THE CURTAIN CLOSED! A GASP ERUPTED FROM THE INROCKED AUDIENCE! THEN A TUMULT OF APPLAUSE EXPLODED!



THE CURTAIN PARTED AND THE HUNCHBACK STEPPED FORWARD, HIS FACE CHARRED! THEN THE SHAGGY HAIRIED MAN CAME OUT, HIS FACE HORRIBLY DISFIGURED BY THE ACID BURNS! THEY BOWED TO THE CHEERING PLAY-GOERS...



AS THE ENTHUSIASTIC CROWD MOVED TOWARD THE EXITS, BABB-ING... TWO AMERICANS REMAINED IN THEIR SEATS...

FRANKMOROS, MILES! THE MOST AMAZING DISPLAY OF HORROR I HAVE EVER SEEN!



THE TWO MEN STARED UP AT THE RED-VELVET DRAWN CATERING...

I WANTED YOU TO SEE IT! I KNEW YOU'D LIKE IT! DO YOU THINK THEY'D GO FOR IT BACK IN THE UNITED STATES?

ARE PARISHANS ANY DIFFERENT THAN NEW YORKERS, MILES? WOULD-NAH WOULD-NAH GO MAD OVER THIS STUFF!



THERE'S ONLY ONE THING, ARTHUR! THE HORROR EFFECTS OF THE BRAND BURNING! AND ALL CLOSELY GUARDED SECRETS!

I'M SURE WE CAN MAKE A DEAL WITH THEM, MILES! O-H-O-H! HERE COMES MRS. B. WATER. THE OWNER!



THE TALL, GAUNT, PALEFACED FRENCHMAN APPROACHED THE TWO AMERICANS.

I BELIEVE YOU ARE THE TWO AMERICANS WHO CALLED ME?

THAT'S RIGHT, M'SIEU MATIER! I AM MILES ANDISH, AND THIS IS ARTHUR MACK!



COME INTO MY OFFICE, GENTLEMEN! YOU SAW THE PERFORMANCE?

YES! WE DID!
IT WAS TERRIFIC!



THE THEATER OWNER LED THE TWO MEN INTO A SMALL OFFICE AND MOTIONED THEM TO BE SEATED.

I AM GLAD YOU LIKED IT, GENTLEMEN! NOW, WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?

WE'D LIKE TO PRODUCE THE GRAND GUENOL IN AMERICA!



DON'T YOU THINK THE GRAND GUENOL WILL BE AS SUCCESSFUL IN AMERICA AS IT IS HERE IN PARIS?

WE'RE SURE OF IT! HORROR IS SWEEPING THE COUNTRY BACK THERE! THEY EVER HAVE IT IN COMMO BOOKS?



I AM SORRY, GENTLEMEN! I DO NOT THINK WE CAN DO BUSINESS! IT IS IMPOSSIBLE!

WE CAN OFFER YOU A GOOD PRICE, M'SIEU MATIER! WHAT IS YOUR OBJECTION?



THE GRAND GUENOL WAS STARTED BY MY FATHER, PIERRE MATIER! THE METHODS WE USE IN PRODUCING THE HORRIBLE EFFECTS IN OUR PLAY WERE INVENTED BY HIM, AND HAVE BEEN JEALOUSLY GUARDED EVER SINCE! ONLY I KNOW THEM! EVEN THE ACTORS HERE DO NOT KNOW HOW THEY ARE DONE!

AND THE SECRETS ARE ALL IN YOUR HEAD, M'SIEU?



OH, NO! REMEMBERING THEM WOULD BE MUCH TOO DIFFICULT! NO! THEY ARE ALL WRITTEN DOWN IN A MANUSCRIPT WHICH I KEEP IN THAT SAFE! NOW, IF YOU WILL EXCUSE ME, THE NIGHT'S RECEIPTS AWAIT!

ER, YES! WELL, THANK YOU ANYWAY, M'SIEU! I'M SORRY YOU WILL NOT CONSIDER OUR OFFER! BOB GOIN!





THE NEXT MORNING, AT LE BOURGET AIRPORT JUST OUTSIDE PARIS, MILES BROWN AND ARTHUR WACK BOARDED A TRANSATLANTIC CONSTELLATION! MILES CLUTCHED THE PREVIOUS MANUSCRIPT UNDER HIS ARM!



I WONDER IF THEY'VE STARTED
FOURD HIS BODY YET?

SHUT UP
YOU FOOL!

WACK

AND AS THE GIANT AIRLINER ROSE GENTLY INTO THE SKY ABOVE FRANCE, IN THE OFFICE OF THE GRAND COMMISSAIRE THEATRE IN LE RUE CHATEAU, MONTMARTE...



EEEEEEEEEK!

WHILE ON THE PLANE

IT'S ALL HERE, MILES! EVERYTHING FLOORS!

SO THAT'S
HOW THEY
MAKE THE
BLOOD POUR
OUT OF THE
WOUND!



YES! AND LOOK HERE! THE STABBING SCENE! A DETAILED DRAWING OF HOW THE KNIFE IS CONSTRUCTED!

THERE'S THE EYE-BOROWING ACT! WELL, I'LL BE!



HERE! ON THIS PAGE! THE AGG AND RED-HOT STOVE ILLUSTRATION!

WE'RE SET, ARTHUR! WE'LL KNOW 'EM DEAD ON BROADWAY!



BUT WE'VE GOT TO KEEP ALL THIS A SECRET, MILES! NO ONE ELSE MUST EVER KNOW HOW THESE HORROR EFFECTS ARE PRODUCED!

WE MUSTN'T TAKE THE CHARGE OF LETTING THIS BOOK OUT OF OUR HANDS!



LISTEN! WE'RE BOTH ACTORS! WE'VE MEMORIZED WHOLE SCRIPTS BEFORE! WE'LL MEMORIZE THIS MANUSCRIPT AND THEN DESTROY IT!

GOOD IDEA! THEN WE WON'T LEAVE OURSELVES OPEN TO THE KIND OF THING POOR M'HEU WAYNE DID!



AND SO, WHEN THE TRANSATLANTIC AIRLINER LANDED AT IDLEWILD AIRPORT IN NEW YORK CITY...

YOU GO TO YOUR HOTEL ROOM AND START MEMORIZING THE MANUSCRIPT, ARTHUR! I'LL SEE ABOUT HIRING A THEATER!

RIGHT! GOOD LUCK!



WHILE, BACK IN PARIS...

WHAT DOES IT SAY, CHARLES?

IT SAYS 'CLOSED BECAUSE OF DEATH OF OWNER' AH? THAT IS TOO BAD, EH?



A WEEK LATER, IN NEW YORK...

WELL, ARTHUR! I'VE FINISHED MEMORIZING NOW THE MANUSCRIPT, TOO!

GOOD! LET'S DESTROY IT... TOGETHER!



THE MANUSCRIPT OF PIERRE MATIER WAS THROWN INTO THE FIRE, AND THE TWO MEN WATCHED THE LEAPING FLAMES REDUCE IT TO BLACK ASHES...

WELL THAT DOES AND WE IT, ARTHUR! NOW OPEN IN THE GRAND GUN-NOL'S SECRETS ARE OURS ALONE!



WHILE IN PARIS, AT THE POLICE MORGUE...

BORE! MATIER'S BODY HAS BEEN STOLEN!

NON! DIENT!



IN NEW YORK, ADVANCED PUBLICITY ON THE OPENING OF THE *BACK AGAIN HORROR THEATER* BROUGHT LINES OF PEOPLE TO THE BOX OFFICE...

I'VE READ ABOUT THE GRAND GUN-NOL IN PARIS!

THEY SAY THIS WILL BE FAR MORE HORRIBLE!

THEY'RE SOLD OUT FIVE WEEKS IN ADVANCE!



AND THEN, THE NIGHT OF THE PREMIER PERFORMANCE ROLLED AROUND! IN A DRESSING ROOM, ARTHUR AND MILES RERIOUSLY APPLIED THEIR MAKE-UP...

REMEMBER, ARTHUR! WHEN I THROW THE ACID IN YOUR FACE... SCREAM!

DON'T WORRY! AND WHEN I PLURGE YOUR FACE ON THE RED-HOT STOVE... YOU LET OUT A BLOOD-CURDLER, TOO!



THE AUDIENCE FILLED EVERY AVAILABLE SEAT/STANDING ROOM WAS SOLD OUT! THE THEATER WAS FILLED TO CAPACITY! FINALLY, THE CURTAIN WENT UP AND THE PERFORMANCE BEGAN.



UHP! OUCH! HOW HORRIBLE!

ARTHUR AND MILES STOOD IN THE ROWS, WATCHING... ARTHUR GRESSED AS THE SHABBY THROTTLE, AND MILES AS THE STOOPEE MUNCHBACK...



THE AUDIENCE IS SHOCKED! WHY NOT? THEY NEVER EXPECTED THE EFFECTS TO BE SO REAL...

THE STABBING SCENE WAS OVER! THEN CAME THE RYE-SQUING EFFECT! FINALLY...

THERE'S OUR OUT, ARTHUR! LET'S GO! GOT THAT BOTTLE WITH THE SECRET FORMULA?



MILES DASHED OUT ONTO THE STAGE! THE AUDIENCE GASPED! ARTHUR FOLLOWED! HE RAN TOWARDS MILES, MENACINGLY...

KEEP AWAY! KEEP AWAY! I'M GOING TO CRASH YOU, YOU TWISTED LITTLE MONSTER!



THIS IS AKA I HAVE IN THIS BOTTLE! IF YOU TOUCH ME, I'LL...

WRY, YOU LITTLE...



MILES PLUNGED THE SECRET FORMULA INTO ARTHUR'S FACE! ARTHUR SCREAMED...



YAAAAA

ARTHUR SHOWN MILES'S FACE DOWN ON THE 'RED-HOT' PROP-STOVE! MILES SCREAMED, DRIVING HYSTERICALLY!



POW! OUT IT OUT! YOU'RE OVER-HEATING!

EEEEEE

THE AUDIENCE STARED IN HORROR AS THE TWO FIGURES SHRINKED IN PAIN...



IT, IT LOOKS SO REAL!

I DON'T FEEL SO GOOD!

WAIT! SOMETHING'S WRONG!

ARTHUR, HIS FACE HORRIBLY DISTORTED BY THE BURNING ACID, SUDDENLY RELEASED HIS HOLD ON MILES... WHOSE CHEEK LAY SQUEEZING AGAINST THE RED-HOT STOVE! BUT AS THE CURTAIN CLOSED, THEY CONTINUED TO SCREAM!



OWWWW! THE PAIN...

AAAAHH!

WHAT'S WRONG?

A MEMBER OF THE CAST RUSHED TO THEM! THEY LAY WRITHING ON THE STAGE.



GOOD LORD! THEIR FACES! THEY'RE REALLY BURNED!

THE ECCLAMATION CARRIED THROUGH THE DRAWN CURTAIN TO THE HORRIFIED AUDIENCE OUTSIDE...



THEY'RE DYING!

DID YOU HEAR THAT? IT WAS REAL!

MY GOD!

LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

THE PANICKY AUDIENCE RUSHED FOR THE EXITS... SHOUTING... PUSHING... SHOVING! BY MISTAKE, SOMEONE OPENED THE CURTAIN! ARTHUR AND MILES LAY PROSTRATE ON THE STAGE...



LOOK! THEY'RE DEAD!

HURRY!

STOP PUSHING! WE'LL BE TRAMPLED!

SOON, THE THEATER WAS EMPTY! ONLY A LONG POLINE SAG IN THE DESERTED HOUSE... STANDING UP AT THE TWO DEAD MEN ON THE STAGE...



AND AS WE CLOSE IN, WE SEE THAT THE POLINE IS JARLING AS HE STARES UP AT THE STAGE WITH GLAZED EYES! IT IS THE COMPLEX OF MURDER MATHS.



THE END

WELL, WELL! THAT WAS A NOT DARE, EH? I HOPE YOU LIKED THE PERFORMANCE! THE STORY CERTAINLY HAD A SHOCKING CLIMAX, EH? ARTHUR AND MILES WERE ALL BURNED UP ABOUT IT! TOO BAD THEY DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE TO SAVE FACE! YOU CAN SAVE BACK ISSUES! IF MY MAD MAN, THAT IS! READ MY COLUMN.



THE CRYPT-KEEPER'S CORNER FOR INFO ON HOW TO GET FURRY! AND NOW, WHY NOT TURN TO THE CRYPT-KEEPER FOR ANOTHER HARMING TALE!

THE VAULT OF HORROR!

HEY, HEY! SO, IT'S MY TURN TO ENTERTAIN YOU NOW, EMT BOOBY! I'VE BEEN WAITING! COME INTO THE VAULT OF HORROR! I AM YOUR HOST, FINE PAUL FREEMER! I'VE JUST PAINTED THAT CARPET WITH BLOOD, SO GET DOWN ON IT! THEN YOU WON'T HIT THE CEILING WHEN I TELL YOU THE BLOOD-CURLING TALE I CALL...

MADAM BLUEBEARD



FOR THE BEGINNING OF OUR STORY, LET'S LOOK IN ON A PATHETIC SCENE... A FUNERAL... IN A CEMETERY. AS THE GROUP OF BLACK-CLAD MOURNERS BATHED IN THE SOBBING WIDOW WAIL... THE COFFIN OF THE RECENTLY DECEASED IS LOWERED INTO THE YAWNING BLACK PIT! SAD, ISN'T IT? FEEL SORRY FOR THE POOR WIDOW? DON'T! NOTICE THE HEAT LINE OF GRAVES BEHIND THE NEW ONE? COUNT THEM! YES, THERE ARE 50 OTHERS! THIS POOR WOMAN IS BURYING HER SEVENTH HUSBAND! IS THERE ANY WONDER I'VE CHRISTENED HER 'MADAM BLUEBEARD'? AFTER ALL, SHE KILLED THEM ALL...



POOR WOMAN! I DON'T SEE HOW SHE'S WOUND UP UNDER THESE EMOTIONAL SMOOCHS!

SEVEN HUSBANDS IN SEVEN YEARS...

ALL ACCIDENTALLY KILLED!

OH, YEA! THAT'S WHAT EVERYONE BELIEVES! THAT TERESA'S SEVEN HUSBANDS ALL DIED ACCIDENTALLY! EVEN HER HUSBANDS BELIEVED IT. THAT IS, ALL EXCEPT FREDDY. THE ONE THEY'RE BURNING NOW! HE KNOWS DIFFERENT! OR I SHOULD SAY 'KNOW' DIFFERENT! AH, BUT I'M GETTING AHEAD OF MY STORY...

WHY IF I DIDN'T THINK TERESA WAS A JOKE... I'D MARRY HER MYSELF! BUT I'D PROBABLY END UP LIKE ALL THE OTHERS... IN SOME FREAK ACCIDENT!

THE OTHERS? HOW DID THEY DIE?

'WELL, LET'S SEE! EARL WAS HER FIRST! IT HAPPENED ABOUT THREE MONTHS AFTER THEY WERE MARRIED! EARL HAD PROBABLY FALLEN ASLEEP WHILE FISHING! HIS BOAT DRIFTED INTO THE RAPIDS AND HE WAS KILLED SOME OVER THE FALLS...

'FOUR! FOUR! THAT'S A GIRL! LAUGH! SHE'S LOADED! HER SEVEN HUSBANDS' ESTATES AMOUNT TO A TIDY SUM! WHY...



'HOWARD, TERESA'S SECOND, FELL OFF A CLIFF WHILE THEY WERE HONEYMOONING IN A TRAILER...

'DOUGLAS, NUMBER THREE, WAS KILLED ON A HUNTING TRIP! HIS GUN EXPLODED IN HIS FACE...



'NEAL, THE FOURTH, FELL FROM HIS OFFICE WINDOW... FOURTEEN STORIES'

'WARREN, TERESA'S FIFTH, WAS KILLED WHEN THEIR CAR WAS STRUCK BY A TRAIN! TERESA WAS THROWN CLEAR AND SUFFERED ONLY MILD BRUISES.'



THEN PETER, HUSBAND NUMBER SIX, WAS ELECTROCUTED WHILE TAKING A BATH! A RADIO HE WAS LISTENING TO FELL INTO THE TUB OF WATER.



SEE WHAT I MEAN? SEE HOW THEY ALL BELIEVE THE DEATHS WERE ACCIDENTS? ACCIDENTS, MY BLOODSHOT EYE! THEY WERE EACH COLD, CALCULATED MURDER! TAKE FROM EARL'S DEATH, FOR INSTANCE.



OH, SURE EARL FELL ASLEEP WHILE FISHING! BUT HE ~~FELL~~ ABOUT THE RAPIDS AND THE FALLS DOWNSTREAM, SO HE WAS VERY CAREFUL TO TIE UP THE BOAT TO AN ~~OVERHANGING~~ ~~BOUGH~~ BEFORE TAKING HIS SHOOTIE! ONLY



AND, OF COURSE YOU KNOW HOW POOR FREDDY WAS KILLED!

YES! WELL! TERESA'S LEAVING! I GUESS IT'S ALL OVER! COMING?



AND AS FOR HOWARD, WELL, HE WAS INSIDE THE TRAILER WHEN TERESA STOPPED IT AT THE CLIFF EDGE! WHEN SHE SCREAMED, HOWARD CAME OUT OF THE TRAILER DOOR FULL-SPEED.



AND BOBGLAS, HUSBAND NUMBER THREE, MET HIS UNTIMELY FATE BECAUSE AFTER CLEANING HIS GUN, HE LEFT IT AROUND WHERE TERESA COULD GET AT IT! SHE POUNDED MORTEN LEAD INTO THE BARREL, BLOCKING IT UP.



NEAL, NUMBER FOUR, WAS LEANING OUT OF HIS OFFICE WINDOW, LOOKING FOR THE NEW CADILLAC TERESA CLAIMED WAS PARKED BELOW, WHEN TERESA THUNKED THE SCATTER HUG OUT FROM BENEATH HIS FEET!



AS FOR WARREN, HUSBAND FIVE? HE'D MADE THE MISTAKE OF FALLING ASLEEP WHILE TERESA WAS DRIVING HOME FROM A PARTY! SHE'D JUST STOPPED THEIR CAR ON THE GRADE-CROSSING, STEPPED OUT, AND WAITED.



AND PETER, WHO LOVED MUSIC, ERRED WHEN HE TOOK HIS BATH WITH HIS BACK TO THE DOOR! HE NEVER SAW TERESA OPEX IT, REACH THE STICK IN, AND KNOCK THE RADIO OFF THE SHELF ABOVE THE TUB.



YES, THEY'D ALL BEEN NUMBERED! BUT THEY NEVER *KNEW* IT! ONLY *FREDDY*. TERESA'S *SEVENTH* HUSBAND. *HE KNEW*! FREDDY WAS A *FLYING* GUY. OWNED HIS OWN PLANE! HE'D HAD A RUNWAY LEVELLED AT ONE END OF TERESA'S VACATION ESTATES! EVERY DAY HE'D TAKE OFF... FLY AROUND... AND LAND.



ONE DAY, WHILE HE WAS *OFF*, TERESA STRUNG A STROGO WIRE, TAUGHT ABOUT TWO FEET HIGH, ACROSS THE RUNWAY.



AND WHEN FREDDY CAME IN FOR A LANDING...



BUT FREDDY WASN'T KILLED IN THE CRASH! WHEN HE CRAWLED FROM THE WRECKAGE, TERESA WAS FORCED TO FINISH THE JOB.



SO YOU SEE WHO I'VE CHRISTENED TERESA 'MADAM BLUEBEARD'? WHAT'S THAT YOU SAY? SHE MUST BE MURDER OF COURSE! SHE'S AWFUL! IT STEMS BACK TO HER CHILDHOOD... WHEN HER FATHER WALKED OUT ON TERESA AND HER MOTHER...



TERESA'S MOTHER HAD BEEN EMBITTERED BY HER HUSBAND'S LEAVING! SHE'D PASSED UP HER DAUGHTER TO ANGE MEN...

MEN ARE BEASTS, TERESA! THEY'RE NOTHING BUT ANIMALS! YES, MOTHER!



ALL OF HER LIFE SHE'D BEEN TAUGHT

MONEY? THAT'S ALL THEY'RE GOOD FOR! THE BEASTS!

YES, MOTHER!



UNTIL IT BECAME LOGICAL IN TERESA'S WARPED MIND THAT...

MEN ARE BEASTS! WILD BEASTS! WILD BEASTS MUST BE DESTROYED!



AND SO, ON THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY OF HER MOTHER'S DEATH, EARL, TERESA'S FIRST HUSBAND, LAY IN HIS GRAVE? TERESA CAME AND LAID A WREATH ON IT IN HER MOTHER'S HONOR...



THEN, WHEN TERESA'S MOTHER DIED ON A COLD DAY IN NOVEMBER...

I'LL AVENGE YOUR DEATH, MOTHER! YOU SHALL SEE! THEY'LL PAY FOR THIS! THE BEASTS!



AND ON THE SECOND ANNIVERSARY OF HER MOTHER'S PASSING, THERE WERE TWO GRAVES TO PLACE WREATHS UPON! EARL'S... AND HOWARD, HER SECOND HUSBAND'S



YEAR AFTER YEAR, THE NEAT LITTLE ROW OF GRAVES GROW!
AND YEAR AFTER YEAR, TERESA CAME AND PLACED WREATHS
UPON THEM, IN HONOR OF HER *MOTHER*...



SIX YEARS, MOTHER!
AND SIX WREATHS.
IN YOUR MEMORY!

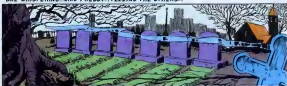
NOW THE BLACK-CLAD HOURS
ARE FILING OUT OF THE CEMETERY.
LEAVING THE SEVENTH GRAVE TO
BE FILLED IN... *FREDDY'S GRAVE!*



LET'S GET TO
WORK, HARK!

YEAH! IT'S
GETTING COLD!

AND SO THE SEVENTH GRAVE IS FILLED IN! THE NEAT LINE LIES SILENT UNDER THE GARKENING
SKY! EARL, UNDER THE FIRST! HOWARD, BENEATH THE SECOND! DOUGLAS UNDER THE THIRD
MOUND! NEAL, BELOW THE FOURTH! WARNER IN THE FIFTH! AND PETER, THE SIXTH! EACH PEACE-
FUL IN DEATH, EACH *REMARKABLE*! AND IN THE FRESH GRAVE, *FREDDY WHO KNOWS!* AND AS
THE WIND COMES UP, RUSTLING THROUGH THE BARE TREES, SWEEPING ACROSS THE GRAVE STONES,
WHISTLING PAST THE ROW OF SEVEN GRAVES, IT SEEMS TO SOUND LIKE A *WHISPER*... LIKE *SOME-
ONE WHISPERING*... LIKE *FREDDY, TELLING THE OTHERS*...



ONE DAY, IN NOVEMBER...



I'D LIKE TO BUY
SOME WREATHS!
SEVEN OF THEM!

YES, MA'AM! SHALL I
WRAP THEM OR ARE
YOU GOING ACROSS THE
ROAD WITH THEM?



I'M GOING ACROSS THE
ROAD TO THE CEMETERY!
HOW MUCH WILL THAT
BE?

ER... FOURTEEN
DOLLARS, MA'AM!
THESE ARE HARD
TO GET THIS TIME
OF YEAR!

TERESA CROSSES THE ROAD AND ENTERS THE CEMETERY, THE SEVEN WREATHS IN HER ARMS.



FOURTEEN DOLLARS? THE BEAST.

ON OVER THE FROZEN MOUND SHE MOVES TO THE NEAT ROW OF SEVEN GRAVES...



SHE STOOPS AND PLACES A WREATH UPON EACH GRAVE.



THEN TERESA FORGES HER FACE TOWARD THE GARDENING BOY AND BEGINS TO LAUGH! BUT HER LAUGH IS CUT SHORT BY A HUMBLE BENEATH HER FEET! SHE STARES DOWN, HORRIFIED! THE SEVEN GRAVES ARE EACH CRACKING OPEN...



GOOD LORD!

THE HOTTED HAND REACHES UP FROM BENEATH THE FROZEN EARTH, GRASPING TERESA'S ANKLE IN A DEATH-LIKE GRIP! SHE CANNOT RUN! SHE CANNOT MOVE! SHE CAN ONLY WATCH, AS THE CORPSES RISE FROM THEIR GRAVES! WATCH AND SCREAM.



EEE YAA

AND AS TERESA'S SCREAMS END IN A CHOKING COUGH, SILENCE ONCE AGAIN DESCENDS UPON THE GRAVE YARD! THE WIND WHISPERS ACROSS THE CEMETERY, CARRESSING THE NEAT LITTLE ROW OF GRAVES! ONLY NOW, THERE ARE *EIGHT* GRAVES INSTEAD OF SEVEN! AND ON THE EIGHTH GRAVE...LIE SEVEN SOLED WREATHS.



THE END

HEH, HEH! SO HAPPY AM I! BERRY, MOTHER! THAT'S A LOVELY GIFT! THOSE *MEN-BEASTS* SAVE YOU! I HOPE YOU'RE *GRATEFUL*! OH, BY THE WAY, FIDGOS! YOU'LL BE GRATEFUL, WHEN YOU RECEIVE AN ORDER OF BACK ISSUES! GET ALL OF MINE OR GRYFT OR HAUNT, OR JUST GET THEM ALL! DON'T FORGET! THE OTHER EC TITLES! TO FIND OUT MORE, READ *THE GRYFT-KEEPER'S GORMER* IN THIS ISSUE! THE OLD BUZZARD GIVES *FULL PARTICULARS*! 'SEE, NOW! REMEMBER! 'CREMATED CORPSES NEVER DIE! THEY JUST BLAZE AWAY!





THE CRYPT-KEEPER'S CORNER

President and CEO—Stephen A. Gappi

Publisher—Russ Cochran

I am writing to tell you how great your comics are. Everyone before I got to sleep I have to read one or two stories. I love your comics. You can print my address.

Orlando Garcia

1729 W Superior
Chicago, IL 60622

I want to know if you guys are going to have a fun club. I have a favorite episode from "Crypt" series, called "The House of Horrors" (and another one called "What's Cooking?"), and I want to know what issue are you going to put it in so I can purchase it. Are there going to be any special editions like Halloween annals and all that?

Phillips Sandoz

© Paso, TX

"House of Horror" (singular) ran in CRYPT 8, get our back issue. But it ran originally in HAUNT 1; get our back issue! The house is also they ran it twice! Inquire after our "Annals," they collect each title under one cover about five issues a week. —CK

A couple days ago I was looking at baseball cards and I found a card with the signature at the bottom saying "Jack Davis." Did he draw the card?

Paul O'Leary (Needham, MA)

Surely did. The card is © 1983 Sunbelt Brown. Davis does lots of advertising work. And with my son, the #11111! —CK



Is it true that your nickname is "Crypty"? I got it out of the book called "Jokes from the Crypt." I would just die and draw out my grave to get CRYPT!

Can you send me the recipe for ghoulash?

Bryan Korte

North Beach, MA

Call me later. (One part ghoul, one part hash.) —CK

I like your comics and I collect your trading cards. I watch your show every Saturday. I also watch your cartoon. I like your story "Loved to Death" and "Death of Some Salesman." I like the TV version of "People who Live in Brass Houses" and "Television Terror."

Tucker Gagliardi

Oakland, CA

So how's it going in the Critical Crypt? Not much here. The in school right now and we're watching a movie about movie. I don't think anyone is really watching. I think you guys are the best thing that has ever come out of hell. I have a idea for a story. It would rule if you did a "Phantom of the Opera" story.

William Wallace

FT Wayne, IN

I will read the boards in "Top Billing," VAULT 28. And quit reading comics in class even when! —CK

You are the coolest dead person alive. I am starting my subscription to your comic. I think The Old Witch is a first brooder. The Vault-Keeper is just a pain in the ass, sometimes. But I liked his story in CRYPT and I liked your story "Drown and Quarrel." Do you like girls? (Not The Old Witch. She's not a girl.) Could you please send me CRYPT no. 2 or 3? Please. I'm begging your Pleasure! (and Friends For Life (Or death).

Dee Dale

Capitol, MI

You're right, The Old Witch hates hysterics. You can get any of my back issues, or any EC title. See the end of this column. —CK

I love your comics. I love them so much I could die. I am drawing up an the Crypt-Keeper and I don't know what to wear. What should I wear?

Dave Hanes

Portney, TX

When I shed my blue robe, I'm partial to a white sport coat and a pink carnation. —CK

I wish you wrote last issue but I didn't get it printed. I really liked Crypt 10 my favorite story was "Drown and Quarrel." If you print my letter, could you please send me an autographed picture of yourself? Your #1 fan & friend,

Ashley Robinson, 12

Lockhart, SC

Berry, get me water'd photos. See below. —CK

"Drown and Quarrel?" In issue #10 is the best story I've read yet! It BUREAU all the others from "Drown and The Witch" (is that underground) that is! Your best fan,

Frank Felder

Arrow, OK

I love CRYPT comics, the stories are good and scary. One of the stories I liked was "Drown and Quarrel." The comics have neat pictures, too! Why are the comics called EC comics?

Chris Fuller

Memphis, NJ

Somebody everyone liked "Drown" "EC" stands for "Entertaining Comics." Get out your microscope and you can read it on the cover "ecals." —CK

Thanks for printing my letter in CRYPT #10, but these last two lines WEREN'T mine. You must have mixed-up my letter and someone else's. I don't even write "Tales From The Crypt-Keeper" (too juvenile). The guy who really wrote those lines is probably screaming "cause you didn't give him the credit.

I'm sure the Crypt-Keeper can come up with a suitable punishment for your Weirly youse.

Barry McGillicue

Alton, IL

You're right; that final paragraph was from the letter of Myron James, Rockville, IN. —CK

Do you know every scary story there is to know? I think you do! I want to get the talking Crypt-Keeper doll. I love scary things! Like you!

Justin Winkelman

Souls City, IA

Like-or-as?

—CK

I really enjoy reading your scary books, but you should make The Crypt-Keeper tell more stories because all the other people have their own books.

Uma Michael

Glastonbury, CT

Make-or left?

—CK

Hi I'm Tony Martinez, a big fan. But you can call me "Steak"! Tony, I am a faithful reader of CRYPT, VAULT and HALINT. I can read them over and over, and never tire.

By the way, I would love to receive letters from other EC fans from around the world, so please print my address. Any fan can write to me in Spanish, English, Italian, or French. I'll enjoy it a lot, since I like foreign languages.

Thanks for listening, OK, off buddy. I have to go brush my teeth, drink a glass of blood, and hop into the coffin. So, sweet! Nightmares!

Tony Martinez, age 17

6041 S California Av
Chicago, IL 60629

Recently I got the [hardback] Complete CRYPT and in several issues it stated that there were photos of the three Ghoul-Ladies. I was writing to see if those photos are still available, and if so, how much do they cost? Your fan,

Adam Owens

address unknown

I have a few questions for you... could you get The Y.K. out of my mag? Could Mr. Cochran reprint the 1950s photos of the Ghoul-Ladies? Will the Pre-Trend and New Direction comics, as well as PARO and MAD, be reprinted in regular format? I would like to have a pen-pal so please print my full address. Your pal,

John Brown

POB 1201
Hartman, TN 37746

That's what it would take to offer photos [the Adam Owens and Ashley Robinson, see above] talk about—reprinting the 1950s photos. Maybe we will. Some other EC comic titles are scheduled for this series, no maybe to it.

—CK

I'm collecting your comics. I've also getting VAULT and HALINT. I couldn't choose just one, they're all great. Do you like being the Crypt-Keeper? Your scary fan,

Cassie Meeks

Peetles, OH

Best unemployment?

—CK

I just wanted to tell you dudes that the stupid "being story in issue 7 by The Vault-Keeper, "Wooded Death!", was dumb. But don't worry, because I think he made up for it in issue 8 [with] "Lucky You're Not Yourself Today!", that story was cool! Please print my address.

Joshua Keane, 12

31 Budd St
Mount Holly, NJ 08060

Best YK can hope for: To break even!

—CK

I love your mag! I have seen all of your shows. I am going to get all of the EC CLASSICS. I love CRYPT 6. I like the tale "Scared To Death!"

I looked in my video store. I cannot find the "Tales from the Crypt" movie. Maybe you could tell me where I can get a copy of it. And do you make more than 6 RCP 64-page EOs?

Patrick Burke!!

Tampa, FL

There were 7 issues of RCP CRYPT, and 8 each of RCP VAULT and HALINT. All still available. Write for list and please! Buy, read! Hah, hah!

—CK

I just got my copy of CRYPT 6, and I see you printed my letter. And you've done a little editing. And I think you made a mistake! You left [redacted] last name printed. Did you do that on purpose or accident?

And I think [redacted] has a point! Please print my [new] address.

Jason Parker

6763 Davis Rd
Riverside, SC 29470

I did it [redacted]. On purpose.

—CK

I am your funny fan that lives in the gutter. I like your comics but they are hard to come by. I'm 11 years old. How old are you? I watch you on tv also. I like you better than the Vault-Keeper and the Old Witch. Could you tell me where I can get a lot of your comics because the stores are always out of comics? What is your phone number? Your fan,

Bobby Harris, 11

Baton Rouge, LA

Funny you should ask. You can get our comics from us direct, and our phone number is 1-800-EC-CRYPT.

—CK

I am a 14 year old girl and I want to know why there isn't more gore in your comics. I think it's because of the children who can't sleep with the sight of blood, of course you don't want to give the poor babies nightmares.

I guess what I'm trying to say is it's ok to put more violence in your comics. If those pansy parents and children can't stand it, let them cry about it. Your readers and real fans are here to support you. Like the saying goes if you can't take the heat stay out of the incinerator.

Santolina Arnold

Atlanta, GA

Why is it that in most of your tales you never show the faces of the hell-exterminators? I would also like to know if you could make the stories more scary. When I say more scary I mean make them similar to the TV series on HBO. I love your comics and I won't stop reading them.

Lalania Reed

Monte WY, GA

TV goes for your viewers. We go for your mind. Besides, we eat the faces first.

—CK

I've been doing some research and I found that the first issue of CRYPT was named INTERNATIONAL COMICS and issue #9 when it was renamed INTERNATIONAL CRIME PATROL. At #7 it was shortened to CRIME PATROL up to issue #18. Then at #17 (which is your first issue of CRYPT in this run of reprints) it was CRYPT OF TERROR for 5 issues. At the sacred issue of 20 it became TALES FROM THE CRYPT! My question is will you ever be reprinting these first 18 issues? Interestingly Yours,

Nathaniel Wilson

Pittsburgh, PA

The first, say, 8 nights of this design would remind you of period RCP (EC) comics, I think. Not until the advent of Grig & Feltstein would you commence to see any EC-mag, not until the last few issues would you see ME! You can see the CRIME PATROL issues in the WAR AGAINST CRIME/CRIME PATROL set of The Complete EC Library.

—CK

I love your stories. I'm 13 years old, but I'm going crazy over CRYPT. I loved your story "Death Must Come." You ought to make more stories about eternal life.

Two stories from your TV show got me in a CRYPT mood. The first is "Korman's Identity." I looked at the office in the program. Is that what your office looks like? The second was "Yellow," starring Kirk Douglas and Sam

Alyroid: I got a question. Why can't I find it?

If anyone would like to talk about OK, the comics, or "Tales from the Crypt" stories, write me.

Andy Trifanbach 3277 Parkton Way
Baltimore, MD 21212

We released the "Kamen's" on cable, "Kamen's Kamenity!" from CRYPT 18 will come around soon (it got 64-pg RCP CRYPT #1 right now) and the 6 pretty concrete. "Teller" ran in SPOCK #1 (back issues available). —CK

First of all let me say: I am a HUGE fan of CRYPT, VAULT, and HAUNT, but your stories are definitely the best. Although I am only 13 years old, I love your comics and I have been reading them for about 2 years.

I don't know why the printers put The Old Witch's and The Youth-Keeper's stories in with yours, they don't compare.

You're very handsome. do you get your good looks from your Mommy or from your Daddy?

Jared Bringer Hot Springs, AR

Buy 64-pg GLAD CRYPT #1 and find out! Hah-hah! —CK

I love your comics. In my opinion, they are the best comics on the market. But at great as your comics as you can make them much better by adding a little more blood and gore to the pictures. The stories are fine (just make the pictures a little more gruesome. If you add just a little more gore the comics may become the best on the market) (not just in my opinion). Trust me, I'm your most dedicated fan (I'm not going to say I'm your #1 fan because that's what all you fans say). The reason why I say I'm your most dedicated fan is because one wall of my room is dedicated to EC comics and the rest of my room looks like a smaller version of the house on the HMO series.

David Rinal Brooklyn, NY

Clean your room! —CK

I love your comics. I really think that OK and VK should get run over by a truck. VK sticks at telling stories. His story in CRYPT 80 really sucked.

"Midnight Snack" was predictable and not scary at all.

I started collecting EC comics about a year ago. My Dad and I were in Cleveland for a ball game when we walked into a B. Dalton Bookstore and I started to look for a BATMAN comic when I spotted a CRYPT #1 at the bottom. As far as I'm concerned all EDCs should be at the top. I bought it, and have been subscribing ever since. Your takes are the most gruesome, and have the best endings.

Here is CRYPT #15 in order: COVER. Really blood did a pretty good job. It's just me, or does QW look drunk on the cover?

"Green and Quarantined" Best story in the book. Jack Davis #1 is the best. Man, I sure wouldn't like to be run over by a subway.

"The Borrowed Body" Worst story in the book. VK really can't tell stories. I'm telling you.

"Indian Burial Mound" No offense, Crypty, but I wasn't that good. You've had better stories in your lifetime. I mean, you could tell that Roy was gonna die.

"Political Pull" Okay but the end was unrealistic. A body wouldn't even last a month let alone a year in the sea.

Please print my address. If anybody disagrees with my opinions and criticism, please write. Oh and OK, don't die yet, cause I love your work! Gruesomely yours,

Tasha Benzowicz, 11 years old 305 Woodbridge LN
Orionville, MI 48862

I love your comic books. I have 4 questions for the Crypt-Keeper: When is your Birthday? Do you have any brothers or sisters? Are you married? or do you have to dig up a date? Will you be my pet cat?

Scott Ramsey Vancouver, BC

See below for Birthday information (Get a shovel!) —CK

I found out one of the great mysteries of all time. How old you are. You are 121 years old in 1994! I have proof to back me up. In GLAD CRYPT #1 during the introduction of the story "Lower Birth", you explain that a circus came to a small town 60 years ago. A year later you were born, this was said in 1993. So in 1992 you were 70 years old. 43 years later (1994) you are 121 years old (70+42=121).

Being an artist myself, I think that your artist, Jack Davis, and the Old Hag's, cops, I mean Old Witch's artist, Graham Ingels, are the most talented artists of the EC horror comic. Jack's corpse drawings and Graham's finely rendered pictures are superb.

My top favorite three takes, in order, are: 1st - "The Chips Are Down" (RCP VAULT #1) 2nd - "Pool Play" (RCP VAULT #6) and 3rd - "While The Cat's Away" (GLAD VAULT #1). The best episodes from "Tales From The Crypt" the series are "18 Death" and "Mountain Mead".

Now come the dreaded questions. On the back of my Crypt card #60 it says the (cover of) CRYPT #68 was to be the cover for a new EC horror comic. What was the comic's title to be, and who was to be the host?

Do you have any posters or T-shirts to sell? Please print my address.

Jeffrey Jones 4231 Sansam Blvd
Bensalem, PA 19050

An interesting theory, that much on my age. How long after my telling that tale did EC write it up for the comics? I said "about" 60 years. And, were these human years or dog years?

EC planned a fourth horror title in late 1984, and was going to call it THE CRYPT OF TERROR (which revived the original title of this mag, dropped after the "first" three issues). I would have been the host (who died?) and the first issue was prepared and did see print as issue "448" of CRYPT (actually 430).

Funny you should ask (hah-hah); the back cover of this comic offers a T-shirt ONLY YOU COMICS FANS can get! —CK

Also available this month are WEIRD SCIENCE and SPOCK, stories by VAULT, WEIRD FANTASY and TWO-PICTED and HAUNT, Don's Fright House, INCREDIBLE SCIENCE FICTION and GHOST. See them at your local comic book shop or WorldWide Web our ad in this issue for details.

Single Issues: CRYPT #1, 68 each (subject to availability) 48¢ plus post (this issue 25¢, #1 20¢ each). Issues #4 and up, 52¢ each. Add \$8 per order (US \$ outside US) for 48¢.

Write to:
CRYPT
RUE COLEMAN
P.O. #81
WEST PLAIN, MO 65755

THIS COMIC REPRINTS

TALES FROM THE CRYPT #67" (J11, CBC \$1.49) \$2.00

COVER by Wally Wood

"West-Coast Horror"

"Madame Bluebeard"

"Return"

"Horror Head...J. Off"

Jack Davis

Joe Orlando

Jack Kamen

Graham Ingels

We welcome letters of comment. We cannot promise to acknowledge, publish or answer letters we feel are overly abusive and angry. We sometimes remove short letters and do not print, so they may not see their opinions. The intent is to encourage discussion of letters, so as to see your own address on the front cover.



HERE'S A GHOSTLY YARD!

I CALL IT...

RETURN!



MYRA SAT ON THE CHAIR BY THE WINDOW, STAREING OUT AT THE GENTLY FALLING RAIN! A SINGLE TEAR SLID SILENTLY DOWN ONE CHEEK.

OH, JIM! JIM! WHY DID YOU GO AWAY AGAIN? WHY DON'T YOU COME BACK. NOW THAT I NEED YOU SO?



MYRA SMILED! SUDDENLY THE TELEPHONE RANG! SHE RUSHED TO IT, HOPEING. PRAYING ...

HELLO? WHAR? IT'S MAM... MAM FORREST? I JUST GOT IN! WILL YOU BE HOME FOR THE REST HEART?



HAL, BEAR! IT'S SO, MYNA! GOING TO ~~WASH~~ YOUR VOICE? IS ~~JIM~~ WITH YOU?



MYNA HOOKED EARLY AND HUNG UP! HAL - HAL FORREST, JIM'S PARTNER, WAS HOME. WITHOUT JIM! MYNA PLUNGED HERSELF ON THE SOFA AND BEGAN TO SOB.

OH, JIM! ~~JIM~~! WHERE ARE YOU? WHERE ARE YOU, DARLING?



HAL FORREST HAD BEEN BEST MAN AT JIM AND MYNA'S WEDDING! THAT HAD BEEN OVER SIXTEEN MONTHS AGO! THE THREE OF THEM HAD DRIVEN UPSTATE TO A JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

TEN MORE MILES, KIDS! THEN DOGS! EXCUSE ME!



THE J.P.'S HOME HAD BEEN A LOVELY LITTLE PLACE. THE KIND OF HOUSE MYNA'D READ ABOUT IN BOOKS! IT WAS WHITE SHINGLES, COVERED WITH CLIMBING ROSES AND VINE.

AND I NOW PRODUCE YOU MAN AND WIFE!

JIM! MYNA!



OH-OH! YOU TAKE THE CAR! DRIVE UP SOME-PLACE AND ENJOY YOURSELVES! SOON!

SO LONG, HAL! THANKS A LOT, KID! YOU'RE A DREAM, HAL!



HAL HAD PLANTED THE BEST MAN'S TRADITIONAL KISS ON MYNA'S CHEEK, AND THEN ANNOUNCED.

WELL, KIDS! HAVE A NICE TIME ON YOUR HONEYMOON! I'VE GOT A TRAIN TO CATCH!

TRAMP! YOU! BUT YOUR CAR!



LATER, AS JIM AND MYNA SPED ALONE.

THAT WAS *FREE!* OF HAL TO LEND US THE CAR, WASN'T IT, JIM?

YEAH! HE'S A *SWELL* GUY! WE *FLIP* TOGETHER DURING THE WAR! WE'RE GOING INTO *BUSINESS* TOGETHER WHEN YOU AND I GET BACK!





WHAT KIND OF BUSINESS?

AN AIR-FREIGHT 'NAL'S GOT A LINE ON A DC-3! IF WE CAN SWING IT...



YOU MEAN FLYING?

WHY NOT? THAT'S ALL I KNOW! BESIDES - THERE'S GOOD MONEY IN IT IF YOU OWN YOUR OWN SHIP!



BUT, THAT MEANS WE'LL BE SEPARATED!

ONLY FOR A FEW DAYS AT A TIME, MYRA! WE'RE JUST GOING TO FLY SHORT-ROD STUFF!

AND SO MYRA'S HONEYMOON HAD BEGUN! THEY'D FOUND A QUIET LITTLE HOTEL AND SPENT TWO WEEKS OF HEAVEN. THEY'D SOME RIDING, FISHING, SWIMMING.



C'NON IS, HONEY! THE WATER'S FINE!

BE WITH YOU IN A MINUTE! I'VE GOT TO PUT ON MY CAP.

BUT EVERYTHING WONDERFUL FINALLY HAD TO END AND MYRA AND JIM'S HONEYMOON WAS NO EXCEPTION THEN...



WE GOT THE FLARE, MYRA! A DC-3! IT'S A BEAUTY! ANNY SWAPPOO JOE'S BALS STRIPPING DOWN THE EMBARKING NOW! I'VE GOT TO GET RIGHT BACK TO THE AIRPORT...

OH, I SEE! THEN YOUR MORNING TO RIGHT?

AFTER THE FLARE WAS RECONDITIONED, JIM HAD BEGUN SOLICITING BUSINESS...



ANY LEAD, JIM?

NOT ONE LEAD! BLAST IT! THE BIG LINES HAVE THE AIR-FREIGHT SERVICE ALL SERVED UP!

AND THEN, ONE NIGHT, JIM HAD RUSHED HOME...



MYRA! LOOK! A CONTRACT! WE'RE RICH!

OH, JIM! I'M SO HAPPY!





JIM!

MYRA! DARLING!

MYRA HAD FLUNG HERSELF INTO JIM'S STRONG ARMS, CRYING UNCONTROLLABLY.

I... I WAS AFRAID, OH—HONEY! IT DOESN'T MATTER, NOW!



WE'RE FOREVER! THAT'S ALL THAT MATTERS!

JIM! JIM! IT'S BEEN SO LONG—SO LONG!



THEY'D GLUNG TO EACH OTHER... NOT SPEAKING! THEN...

WHY DIDN'T YOU WRITE, JIM? YOU PROMISED!

I COULDN'T, MYRA! I WOULD HAVE IF I COULD! IF YOU KNOW THAT!



COME! YOU MUST BE TIRED! OH, DARLING! IT'S SO GOOD TO HAVE YOU HOME!

IT'S GOOD TO BE HOME, MYRA!

AND SO, THEY'D BEEN TOGETHER AGAIN... IN EACH OTHER'S ARMS! BUT MYRA'S JOY WAS SHORT-LIVED... FOR THE NEXT MORNING...



COME! JIM'S HOME!



SHE'D FOUND THE NOTE...

'MYRA DEAREST, WRITING THIS IS THE HARDEST THING I'VE EVER DONE. I HAVE TO GO AWAY, AND JUST CAN'T FACE YOU TO SAY GOOD-BYE. BELIEVE ME, DARLING, SOMEDAY WE'LL BE TOGETHER FOR KEEPS...AND I'LL NEVER HAVE TO LEAVE YOU AGAIN. TELL THEM, REMEMBER THAT I LOVE YOU.'

JIM!

NO!... NO!



JIM HAD LEFT NO FORWARDING ADDRESS...JUST THE NOTE! SOON ANOTHER THREE MONTHS HAD SLIPPED AWAY MYRA BEGAN TO FEEL ILL! SHE'D HAD HEADACHES...GIZZY SPELLS...ATTACKS OF NAUSEA...

THE DOCTOR WILL SEE YOU NOW, M'AM!

THANK YOU!



HER FAMILY PHYSICIAN HAD EXAMINED HER...FINALLY ANNOUNCING THE SYMPTOMS YOU DESCRIBE ARE NOT UNCOMMON TO SOMEONE WHO IS GOING TO BECOME A MOTHER.

MYRA!

DOCTOR ARE YOU SURE? WHEN?



SIX MONTHS OR SO! YOU'D BETTER BE TAKING IT EASY!

I WILL, DOCTOR! THANK YOU!



NOW, MYRA LAY DOBBING ON THE COUCH, WAITING FOR HAL. FORGET, JIM'S PARTNER? SUDDENLY THE CHIMES SOUNDED! MYRA OURED HER EYES AND OPENED THE DOOR...

HAL! WHY DID YOU COME ALONE? WHY DIDN'T YOU BRING JIM BACK WITH YOU?

I COULDN'T, MYRA! JIM'S... DEAD!



MYRA STARED AT HAL! SHE COULDN'T BELIEVE HER EARS...

NO! NO! IT CAN'T BE! I'M GOING TO HAVE A BABY! WHEN I SAW JIM THREE MONTHS AGO...

THREE MONTHS AGO! IMPOSSIBLE!



WHAT DO YOU MEAN, IMPOSSIBLE? JIM WAS HERE...HE SPENT THE NIGHT THREE MONTHS AGO!

BUT... IT CAN'T BE!



OUR PLANE CRASHED UP FOUR HUNDRED MILES SOUTH OF PANAMA...IN THE JUNGLE! JIM WAS KILLED INSTANTLY! IT TOOK ME FIFTEEN MONTHS TO CRAWL OUT OF THAT GOD-FORSAKEN PLACE. BACK TO CIVILIZATION!

THE END



HEH, HEH! I SEE YOU'RE SURPRISED! THAT'S THE SPIRIT! WHAT'S THAT YOU ASK? HOW SHOULD I KNOW? ASK MYRA! FUNNY THING ABOUT MYRA AND JIM! WHEN THEY FIRST MET, MYRA DIDN'T THINK SHE HAD A CHANCE OF A CHANCE WITH HIM! WELL, NOW IT'S TIME FOR YOU TO BE REVOLTED BY THE OLD MYRA'S EYES, RIGHT?

THE WITCH'S CAULDRON!

NOW THAT YOU'VE HAD YOUR *CHILLING APPETIZERS* FROM MY FELLOW GHOULMATES, IT'S TIME FOR ME TO SERVE YOU THE *MAIN COURSE*! SO COME INTO THE *HAUNT OF FEAR*! MY CAULDRON BUBBLES AND GURGLES! IT'S *BEVIL*, *BEVIL* IS JUST ABOUT READY! YEP! IT'S *ME AGAIN*! *THE OLD WITCH*! HELLO! *HUNGRY*? GOOD! THEN OPEN YOUR LITTLE LEERING MOUTHS AND I'LL STUFF IN THE *TASTY TERROR-TALE* I CALL...

HORROR!

HEAD...

IT OFF!

THE YEAR WAS 1793! THE PLACE WAS FRANCE DURING THE BLOODY DAYS KNOWN AS 'THE REIGN OF TERROR'. FOLLOWING THE FRENCH REVOLUTION! IN PALE SILHOUETTED AGAINST THE GRAY SKY STOOD THE NOTORIOUS *GUILLOTINE* FOR ITS GLAMING BLADE WAS HOISTED, THE GATHERED CROWD BROUDED AND CAT-CALLED! FROM SOMEWHERE CAME THE OMINOUS ROLL OF A SHARP DRUM! THE BLADE FLASHED DOWNWARD... AND ANOTHER MEMBER OF THE DOOMED ARISTOCRACY MET HIS END AS HIS HEAD UNFROD INTO THE WAITING BASKET.

DAVID L. V.

FAR ACROSS PARIS...WEARY FROM THIS BLOODY SCENE...TWO FIGURES MADE THEIR WAY SLOWLY THROUGH A CROOKED STREET. ONE MAN WAS TALL, WELL-BUILT, BUT CRIPPLED. THE OTHER WAS SHORT AND SQUAT. THE CRIPPLED ONE MOVED PAINFULLY, FIRST STEPPING, THEN DRAGGING HIS HELPLESS CLUB FOOT.

DOOR THE STRANGER TWO-ONE CAME TO A DARK ALLEY. THEY TURNED IN, STOPPING BEFORE A BATTERED DOOR. THE SMALL ONE THROCKED ANXIOUSLY. FINALLY, IT CREAKED OPEN.

YES? WHAT IS IT? WE WE HAVE COME TO BUY SOME FLOWERS!



WORTH MASTER! WE ARE ALMOST THERE! I AM GASP COMING, LOUIS! I CAN'T WALK AS FAST AS YOU!

THE GREY MAN BEHIND THE DOOR PEERED OUT AT THEM...

FLOWERS? WE WANT SOME WHAT KIND FLEURS-DE-LIS OF FLOWERS?



COME IN! I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO!

YOU ARE MOST KIND!



THE FAT MAN CLOSED THE DOOR BEHIND THE TWO VISITORS AND TURNED TO THEM.

AND... IT DOES NOT MATTER WHO THIS IS THE MARQUIS DE ARCHEMONT? I AM HIS SERVANT, HERE? LOUIS?



YOU HAVE... MONEY?

YES! WE HAVE THE AMOUNT! YOU WILL HELP HIM TO FLEE PARIS AS THEY SAID YOU WOULD?



CERTAINLY! I WILL MAKE ALL THE NECESSARY ARRANGEMENTS! BUT FIRST... IF YOU DON'T MIND... THE MONEY!

OF COURSE! HERE YOU ARE!



THE FAT ONE COUNTED THE
SOLS AND THEN SMILED.
AND YOU AM?
I AM HENRI LUGENE!
LUGENE? YOU ARE THE
DURE DE LUGENE?
AT YOUR SERVICE!



THAT IS CORRECT!
I HAVE DEDICATED
MYSELF TO HELPING
FELLOW MEMBERS
OF MY CLASS
ESCAPE THE
GUILLOTINE!



AM' M'SIEU
LE DURE?
THIS IS A
NOBLE
THING
YOU DO!
IT WERE
NOT FOR
MY CLUM-
FOOT.



YOU WILL BE
READY TO
LEAVE AT MID-
NIGHT? A COACH
WILL BE AT THE
ALLEYWAY!



I WILL BE
READY!
I DO NOT
WASTE.
BEFORE I
AM MISSED!
GOOD LUCK!



AFTER LOUIS, THE MARQUIS DE HOCHENONT'S
SERVANT, LEFT.

HE IS NOT
GONE WITH
YOU?



THERE IS NO NEED! HE WAS
ONLY MY SERVANT! THE
GUILLOTINE DOES NOT THINK
FOR HIS HEAD! ONLY
MINE...



THAT NIGHT, A COACH DREW UP TO THE ALLEY-
WAY! THE CLUMP ORAG CLUMP ORAG
FOOTSTEPS OF THE FUGITIVE MARQUIS APPROACHED!

BON VOYAGE, MARQUIS
AND GOOD LUCK!



GOOD-BYE, M'SIEU LE
DURE! THANK YOU! MAY
YOU CONTINUE TO HELP
OTHER UNFORTUNATES
LIKE ME!



AS THE COACH CLATTERED OFF INTO THE DARK-
NESS, HENRI... THE FAT GUY DE LUGENE
SMILED TO HIMSELF...

DO NOT WORRY, M'SIEU LE MARQUIS! I
WILL CONTINUE! IT PAYS ME WELL
AND MY HEAD REMAINS ON MY
SHOULDERS!



SOON AFTER, NEAR THE GATES OF PARIS

WHAT IS THE
MEANING
OF THIS?



IT MEANS, M'SIEU LE MAR-
QUIS, THAT YOU ARE UNDER
ARREST IN THE NAME OF
THE FRENCH REPUBLIC!
TOMORROW, THE GUILLO-
TINE AWAITS.



SOON, BACK AT THE HOUSE OF HENRI, DUKE DE LUIGNE.



WELL, CAPTAIN? THAT IS OUR ARRANGEMENT? I TURN THEM OVER TO YOU - AND SAVE MY NECK, EN?

SAVE YOUR NECK IS RIGHT, LUGNER! IF IT WERE NOT FOR THIS LITTLE SERVICE YOU PERFORM, YOUR HEAD WOULD HAVE ROLLED LONG AGO!



AND SO THE NEXT DAY BEFORE THE JEERING MOB, THE MARQUIS DE ROCHEMONT LIMPED UP THE STEPS OF THE GUILLOTINE.



AND AS THE GLIMMING BLADE WAS HOISTED SKWARD, THE DRUM BEGAN ITS OMINOUS ROLL.



THE CROWD ROARED AS THE BLADE PLUNGED DOWNWARD! BUT IN ITS MIDST, ONE MAN DID NOT CHEER! HIS FACE WAS GRIM! IT WAS SHORT, BOUT LOUIS, THE MARQUIS' SERVANT.



LATER... CAPTAIN! THERE IS A MAN OUTSIDE! HE HAS COME TO CLAIM THE MARQUIS DE ROCHEMONT'S REMAINS. HE WAS HIS SERVANT!



LET THE BOSSMAN TAKE IT! TONIGHT!



AND SO, LATE THAT NIGHT A CART RUMBLLED THROUGH THE DESERTED STREETS OF PARIS CARRYING A MACABRE CARGO... A COFFIN, CONTAINING THE DECAPITATED REMAINS OF THE MARQUIS DE ROCHEMONT! IT WAS DRIVEN BY LOUIS, HIS EVER-FAITHFUL SERVANT.



I WILL SEE THAT YOU HAVE A DECENT BURIAL, MASTER!

THE NEXT DAY, LOUIS STOPPED
HENRI WHERE ON THE STREET.

AM LOUIS? I AM
SORRY! I HEARD
THE SAG HENS!

YES, M'SIEU LE
DUKE? MY MAS-
TER... WAS BE-
HEADED YESTER-
DAY?

SH-H-H! YOU
FOOL! DO NOT
CALL ME LE
DUKE!

WHYNOTTEVER-
ONE KNOWS
ABOUT YOU! I
HAVE LEARNED
THE TRUTH...
MYSELF!

I. I MUST
BE GOING!

WAIT! THERE IS
SOMETHING I MUST
SHOW YOU! COME!

LOUIS LED HENRI LUSHER TO THE MARKETPLACE...

HAVE YOU EVER BOUGHT A CHICKEN HERE,
M'SIEU LUSHER? HAVE YOU EVER SEEN
HOW THEY *KILL* THEM? LOOK!

USH!
THEY CHOP
OFF ITS
HEAD!

YES, M'SIEU? HOW WATCH! SEE HOW
THE BODY SQUIGGLES ABOUT WITHOUT
ITS HEAD? SEE HOW IT FLAPS ITS
WINGS?

HOW DIRTY!
WHAT ARE YOU
DRIVING AT?

SOMETIMES A CHICKEN WITH ITS HEAD
CHOPPED OFF LIVES FOR MANY HOURS!
I KNOW OF A GASE WHERE ONE LIVED
FOR ALMOST A MONTH! IT ONLY DIED
BECAUSE THE FARMER WHO OWNED IT
ALLOWED THE *WINDPIPE* TO BLOW
CLOSED!

WHY DO
YOU TELL
ME THESE
THINGS?
WHY?

IF A CHICKEN CAN LIVE ON
WITH ITS HEAD REMOVED,
M'SIEU LUSHER, THEN
WHY NOT A HUMAN BEING?
ERR

YOU'RE MAD! YOU'RE
TRYING TO FRIGHTEN
ME! BAH! FOOLISH-
NESS!

LOUIS SCURRIED OFF, LAUGHING. WHILE HENRI WIPOED THE PERSPIRATION FROM HIS FACE! LATER THAT NIGHT, AS HENRI LURED SAT IN HIS HOUSE...



THE IDIOT! IF HE THINKS HE CAN SCARE ME, HE'S...

SUDDENLY HENRI HEARD AN UNMISTAKABLE SOUND! FIRST, A CLUMP. THEN SOMETHING GRASSING... THEN A CLUMP... THEN THE GRASSING NOISE...



W. WHAT WAS THAT? IT SOUNDED LIKE FOOTSTEPS! LIKE A MAN... WITH A SLUB-FOOT!

THE CLUMPING, GRASSING SOUNDS CAME FROM THE ALLEY OUTSIDE! HENRI RUSHED TO THE DOOR... AND SLID THE BOLT CLOSED...



HE... HE'S AFTER ME! THE MARQUIS...

AS HENRI WATCHED NERVOUSLY, THE DOORKNOB TURNED SLOWLY! THEN IT RATTLED! SOMEONE OUTSIDE WAS TRYING TO GET IN...



OH, LORD... PROTECT ME! THANK GOD, I BOLTED IT IN TIME!

THEN THE CLUMP... GRAS... CLUMP... GRAS... FARED AWAY DOWN THE ALLEY...



HE... HE'S GOING AWAY! ME...

SUDDENLY, HENRI CURSED. WHAT A FOOL I AM! A STUPID FOOL! OF COURSE! THAT WAS LOUIS OUT THERE! HE'S TRYING TO FRIGHTEN ME! WHO EVER HEARD OF A BEHEADED MAN LIVING ON...



HENRI FLUNG OPEN THE DOOR AND PEERED OUT! THEN HE GASPED! THE TRACKS IN THE DIRT WERE UNMISTAKABLE! ONE SET WAS THAT OF A SMALL MAN! THE OTHERS WERE STRANGE... AS IF THE PERSON MAKING THEM GRASSED ONE FOOT...



A... A... SLUB-FOOT! NOW DIE! THEY WERE BOTH HERE!

HEMME SPUN AROUND! THE DOOR
BLAMMED SHUT BEHIND HIM.

I... I'M LOCKED
OUT!



THEN IT CAME AGAIN! THOSE
ECHOES! *CLUMP... DRAG...
CLUMP... DRAG...* THEY MOVED
TOWARD HEMME FROM THE DARK-
NESS OF THE ALLEY...

WHO WHO'S THERE?
LOUIS? IS THAT
YOU?



A PAIR OF LEGS MOVED INTO THE
SQUARE OF LIGHT THAT STREAMED
FROM THE LAMP ABOVE THE DOOR.
ONE OF THE LEGS HAD A CLUB
FOOT! *STEP... DRAG... STEP...
DRAG...*

DE MOCHMONT?
NO! IT CAN'T
BE!



THE LIGHT CREEPT UP THE HORRIBLE
FIGURE... SLOWLY TO THE RIGHT.

LOUIS? IT'S
YOU... ISN'T IT?



TO THE GHOST...

YOU... YOU'RE
TRYING TO...
FRIGHTEN ME?
AREN'T YOU?
LOUIS? LOUIS?



AND THEN, THE WHOLE FIGURE
MOVED INTO THE LIGHT! AND IT
HAD NO HEAD...



LOUIS WAS HEARD ONE MORE TIME... RASHER IT...

JUST A LITTLE FURTHER...
JUST A LITTLE!

NO! NO! KEEP AWAY!
YAAAAAAAAAHHH!



WEE... WEE... YES-SURE! HEMME WAS JUST SURPRISED!
IN FACT HE LOST HIS HEAD! THEY FOUND HIM THE
NEXT MORNING WITHOUT IT! HIS BODY WAS
LAIN BESIDE THE MARCHION DE ROCH-
MONT'S! THEY MADE QUITE A PAIR! IN FACT IF
IT WEREN'T FOR THE MARCHION'S CLUB-FOOT, YOU
WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN ABLE TO TELL THEM APART!
WHY? OH, COME, COME! USE YOUR HEAD! WHAT
HAPPENED TO HEMME? HOW SHOULD I KNOW?
WHAT HAPPENED TO ALL OF THE HEADS THAT
ROLLED DURING 'THE NIGHT OF TERROR'? HMMM!
SOUNDS LIKE SPORT MATERIAL! THERE! I'LL HAVE
TO LOOK INTO IT! OH, BY THE WAY! ALL MY
BACK ISSUES ARE AVAILABLE! THE CRYPT-
KEEPER'S CORNER TELLS YOU HOW TO GET YOURS!
THAT WINDS IT UP, KIDDIES? I HOPE YOUR
HUNGER IS SATISFIED!
WE'LL ALL SEE YOU NEXT
IN THE HAUNT OF HORROR!
BYE FOR NOW!

THE CRYPT OF TERROR

WELL... WE MEET AGAIN, DEAR READER! WELCOME BACK! RIGHT TO THE CRYPT OF TERROR! GET A GOOD SHIP ON YOURSELF! SIT BACK AND RELAX... AND I'LL TELL YOU ANOTHER TALE DESIGNED TO SCARE YOU. TO REASSURE YOU! THIS TALE FROM MY COLLECTION IS CALLED...

DEATH MUST COME!



ECOSTEIN

ANOTHER
ILLUSTRATED
SUSPENSE STORY

MY STORY BEGINS IN A LONELY OLD HOUSE ON THE EDGE OF A SMALL TOWN. OUTSIDE, NIGHT IS FALLING.

HENRY! YOU DID MY MESSAGE? BUT, FREDERICK? THANK HEAVENS YOU'VE COME! ANOTHER DAY AND IT WOULD HAVE BEEN TOO LATE!



YES! BUT MY BONES ARE BEGINNING TO ACHES... AND THE PAINS IN MY BACK... ARE GETTING STRONGER! I MUST HAVE ANOTHER OPERATION TOMORROW!

OH, I'M TIRED FROM SITTING! LET ME SIT DOWN FOR A WHILE!



YES, HERE? SIT DOWN! IT IS TOO EARLY TO START OUT, ANYWAY!

YOU LOOK EXACTLY THE SAME, FREDERICK! EXACTLY AS YOU LOOKED THAT NIGHT ALMOST FIFTY YEARS AGO...



I REMEMBER IT AS THOUGH IT WERE YESTERDAY! WE WERE BOTH TWENTY-FIVE! YOUNG... AMBITIOUS... FULL OF LIFE! I REMEMBER IT WAS IN VIENNA! TWO YOUNG STRUGGLING SCIENTISTS... WITH AN IDEA! THEN... IF OUR EXPERIMENTS ARE CORRECT... HENRY... AND WHAT WE HAVE PROVEN ABOUT THIS GLAND IS TRUE, WE HAVE SOLVED THE RAPIDLY PROBLEM OF THE AGING OF A HUMAN BODY! THINK WHAT IT CAN MEAN!

ETERNAL LIFE! REPLACING THE GLAND WITH A YOUNGER ONE CAN MEAN ARRESTING OLD AGE!



WE MUST PROVE IT, HENRY! WE MUST TRY IT ON OURSELVES!

NO, DON'T! MY OLD FREDERICK! I DON'T WANT ETERNAL LIFE! I WANT TO KNOW OLD AND DIE WHEN MY TIME COMES!



YOU'RE A FOOL, HENRY! THINK OF IT! YOU CAN LOOK AS YOU LOOK TODAY!... FIFTY... A HUNDRED YEARS FROM NOW! I WANT IT, EVEN IF YOU DON'T! YOU WILL PERFORM THE OPERATION ON ME! I'LL GIVE IT TO SCIENCE, TO THE WORLD!



AS YOU WISH, FREDERICK! HERE? IN ANYWHERE CAN WE GET A POWER BLAST WHEN IT COMES? WILL WE FIND ONE?



ALYES, FREDERICK, I REMEMBER WELL THE PAPER TOLD OF A YOUNG COLLEGE STUDENT'S UNTIMELY DEATH? OUR EXPERIMENTS HAD PROVEN THAT THE GLAND REMAINED ACTIVE AFTER SUDDEN DEATH FOR 48 HOURS! THAT NIGHT WE WENT TO THE CEMETERY AND EXHUMED THE STILL-WARM CORPSE.



AND IN THE EARLY HOURS OF THAT MORNING, I REMOVED YOUR GLAND... AND SUBSTITUTED THAT OF AN EIGHTEEN YEAR OLD BOY IN ITS PLACE...



THAT WAS FIFTY YEARS AGO! TWENTY YEARS LATER, I WAS OVER FORTY FIVE... YOU SENT FOR ME! WHAT A SHOCK TO SEE YOU... STILL YOUNG... STILL FULL OF YOUTH!





WHAT HADN'T THERE? HE'S DEAD, ISN'T HE? COME! WE HAVEN'T A MOMENT TO LOSE!

YES, FREDERICK!

AND SO AGAIN WE WENT TO A CEMETERY... JUST AS WE HAD THAT FIRST TIME...



THE COFFIN! YOU'VE STRUCK THE COFFIN!

GIVE ME THE SHIRT! I'LL WRAP THE BODY IN IT!

AND AGAIN I PERFORMED THE OPERATION... SUCCESSFULLY! THE YOUTH WAS A GOOD SPECIMEN... NINETEEN! HE HAD BEEN HIT BY A TRUCK... BUT THE ISLAND WAS UNDISCOVERED...



THERE! IT IS DONE!

THEN YOU WENT TO AMERICA... AND SHORTLY AFTER, AN OPPORTUNITY PRESENTED ITSELF, AND I FOLLOWED ABOUT FIFTEEN YEARS AFTER THE SECOND OPERATION... I RECEIVED A LETTER!



HENRY! I MUST TELL YOU! COME AT ONCE! ANOTHER OPERATION IS IMPERATIVE! FREDERICK!

AT FIRST, I DID NOT WANT TO GO! I WAS ALMOST SIXTY! WHAT WOULD I FIND? THE SAME YOUNG, HANDSOME BOY I HAD KNOWN THIRTY-FIVE YEARS BEFORE? SURELY, MY SCIENTIFIC CURIOSITY GOT THE BETTER OF ME, AND I AGREE!



FREDERICK! IT CAN'T BE! NO! IT CAN'T BE!

YES, HENRY! IT IS ME! STILL YOUNG! STILL FRESH!

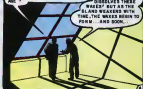
AH! ISN'T YOU SORRY, NOW, THAT YOU DIDN'T CONSENT TO A MORE ELABORATE EXPERIMENT?

PORRAPH? PERHAPS NOT? I DO NOT KNOW! ANYWAY, THAT IS OF NO MATTER! WHAT CONCERNS ME IS NOW! YOU SAY ANOTHER OPERATION IS NECESSARY?



YES! THE WAXES ARE FORMING AGAIN! YOU KNOW THAT ACCORDING TO OUR CALCULATIONS, IT IS THESE WAXES THAT STOP OTHER BLAMES FROM OPERATING CORRECTLY, THEREBY BRINGING ON A BREAKDOWN OF TISSUE, AND "OLD AGE"!

YES, AND THAT THE ISLAND LOCATED ON THE SILEX SECRETED A FLUID WHICH IN YOUTH, DISSOLVED THESE WAXES! BUT AS THE ISLAND WEAKENS WITH TIME, THE WAXES BEGIN TO FORM... AND SOON...



EASYLEY! WELL, THE SLAND HAS
WEIGHED. IT *WOULD* BE
REPLACED? HERRY, IT MUST
BE REPLACED *TOMORROW*!

FREDERICK? HOW
LONG DO YOU
INTEND TO KEEP
THIS UP?



UNTIL I AM SEVENTY. OR
EIGHTY? THEN WE WILL
TELL THE WORLD!

I *DID* NOT BE HERE BY
THEN, FREDERICK? WHY
NOT TELL... *NOW*?



WE'LL SEE, HERRY! BUT NOW...
WE HAVE WORK TO DO.



"AND SO, FOR THE THIRD TIME, WE
WENT TO A GEMETERY... REMOVED
THE BODY...



"...AND I PERFORMED ANOTHER OPER-
ATION! THIS TIME, IT WAS A TWENTY-
TWO YEAR OLD MAN! HE HAD BEEN
KILLED IN A BRAWL...



"AFTER YOUR RECOVERY, THE CONVERSATION ABOUT
PUBLISHING A REPORT WAS FORGOTTEN... AND I WENT
AWAY! BUT *TEN YEARS LATER* YOU SENT FOR ME
AGAIN!"



SO SOON, FREDERICK?
SO SOON?

THE SLAND MUST WORK
MUCH HARDER NOW? IT
CANNOT LAST AS LONG!

FREDERICK? I AM
ALMOST *SEVENTY*?

YOU CAN DO IT, HERRY! YOU'VE
DONE IT THREE TIMES BEFORE!



AND SO, FOR THE FOURTH TIME IN FORTY-FIVE YEARS, HE WENT AGAIN TO A CEMETERY AND REMOVED A BODY NOT YET COOL IN DEATH...

I CANNOT HELP YOU, FREDERICK!
I WANTED BLS TO DO THIS

JUST HOLD THE
LIGHT, HENRY! I
AM STRONG, I WILL
MANAGE IT ALONE!



AND THAT SAME NIGHT...

USE A LOCAL ANESTHETIC,
I WANT TO WATCH IN THAT
MIRROR ON THE CEILING!

AS YOU WISH,
FREDERICK?



AND AFTER YOUR RECOVERY, FIVE
YEARS AGO, WE PARTIED! AND NOW
YOU SEND FOR ME AGAIN! CAN'T YOU
SEE WHAT IS HAPPENING,
FREDERICK?



YES, HENRY! THE
TIME BETWEEN
OPERATIONS IS
GROWING SHORTER!



AND THIS WILL
CONTINUE UNTIL
YOU WILL NEED A
NEW CLAMP EVERY
YEAR... EVERY
MONTH... EVERY
YEAR!

NO, IT WILL NEVER
COME TO THAT!
PERHAPS A
FOUNDER CLAMP
A DAYLIFE?



I CANNOT
DO OR,
FREDERICK
I REFUSE!

YOU MUST!!
YOU MUST!!

NO! I REFUSE! I WILL NOT
PERFORM THE OPERATION
AGAIN!



DISORDERING OLD PEOPLE?

ORDER?





YOU... YOU STRUCK... ME...
BASP... YOU... FREDERICK?
MY HEART!

HEARTY!



HE... HE'S DEAD!
WHAT WILL I DO?
WHAT WILL I DO NOW?



I'M GROWING OLDER RAPIDLY THE
FARER... I... I DON'T DON'T DO UP A
BRAIN-ACON? I... I HAVEN'T THE
STRENGTH! I MUST THINK OF
SOMETHING!

WELL, DEAR HEARTY! OLD... EH... THAT ISN'T YEARS...
FREDERICK IS IN A MESS NOW! HE NEEDS A YOUNG YOUNG
VIRILE SPECIMEN... BUT QUICK!

HELLO... PORTAL UNION! I WANT TO SEND A
TELEGRAM... JURGEL... TO FREDERICK CARTON...



GLORY! THERE IS NOTHING! SENDING A TELEGRAM TO
HIMSELF... THAT WILL BRING A YOUNG MESSAGE TO HIS
HOME...

WHEN HE GETS HERE, THIS MAN BORNS IN CHILD-
FORM OVER HIS NOSE AND MOUTH WILL TAKE CARE OF
HIM! HURRY! HURRY! I'M ASKING FASTER NOW!



... SHARP PAINS SHOOT THROUGH FREDERICK CARTON AS
HE WANTS! WRINKLES BEGAN TO APPEAR IN HIS SKIN! HE
FACED HIS HANDS... AND THEN... THE CORRELL...

YES?

TELEGRAM FOR FREDERICK
CARTON! I...



WRRP...!!

HEH... HEH... THIS WAS TOO
EASY! NOW I'LL GIVE HIM A
HYPO TO KILL HIM!

CAREFULLY, FREDERICK PREPARES FOR THE OPERATION. IT WILL BE TROUZY... THE LOCAL ANESTHETIC... THE REMOVAL OF THE GLAND... AND THEN... OPERATE UPON HIMSELF.

...BUT... IT HAS TO BE DONE!



...AND THEN... AS THE SCULPTOR LAYS BARE THE PLACE WHERE THE GLAND IS LOCATED...

NO! NO! NO!

AAAAAAH!



SHOCKED AND HORRIFIED, FREDERICK STAGGERS FROM THE LABORATORY. THERE IS NO HOPE NOW!

GASP! GASP!



OLD MAN... THE FLESH DRAGS TIGHT OVER HIS BONES... THE HAIR GRAYS... THE EYES REDDEN... THE FINGERS SNAP...



WEARILY, HE SINKS TO THE STOPS. HIS BODY BENT AND OLD... HIS FEATURES DISTORTED, UGLY... WRINKLED... WITHERED...



A FINAL SCREAM... AND THEN SILENCE! THE DEEP SILENCE OF DEATH...



AND THAT'S THE STORY, DEAR READER! FREDERICK FINALLY DID DIE, AN OLD MAN WHO KNOWS THE NIGHT HAVE LIVED LONGER IF HE HADN'T CRAVED ETERNAL LIFE! OR... BY THE WAY, I SUPPOSE YOU'RE WONDERING WHAT FREDDY SAW WHEN HE... OR... OPENED UP... THAT MESSENGER? WELL... HE FOUND AAAAAH! IT SEEMS THAT PART OF THE BOY'S SPLEEN HAD BEEN REMOVED - THE PART WITH THE GLAND! SEEING THAT SAVED OLD FREDDY THE SHOCK OF HIS LIFE! WELL... I'LL SEE YOU NEXT ISSUE WITH ANOTHER TALE FROM THE

THE CRYPT OF TERROR!
BE SURE AND COME, WON'T YOU?

IF YOU LIKE OUR TYPE OF STORY... WILL YOU WRITE AND TELL, MR. Russ Cochran, P.O. Box 468, West Plains, MO 65775

OUT OF THE DARK NIGHT HE WALKED, HIS HANDS TRAINED IN THE ART OF KILLING, HIS BRAIN A SEETHING FERMENT OF DESTRUCTION! HIS EYES SAW LIFE, AND HIS HEART LOVED THE GRAVE, FOR HE WAS---

"THE MAN WHO WAS DEATH"



EDGAR BOWMAN WAS THE EXECUTIONER AT STATE'S PRISON. HIS HANDS WERE DEFT WITH GAF AND BRACES, BUT HIS HEART SEEMED FORMED OF STONE...

EVERYTHING'S READY, BOON. THEY WILL BRING HIM IN HERE, SHIVELLING AND WEeping!



NO! NO! I DON'T WANT TO DIE! I DON'T WANT TO... DIE! I'M SCARED! SCARED!

HE DIDN'T THINK OF THIS WHEN HE WAS KILLING HIS BROTHER!



EDGAR BOWMAN WAS A CAREFUL WORKMAN--HE CHECKED HIS SWITCHES AND HIS WIRES CAREFULLY, EVEN AS THE SCREAMING GUNMAN WAS CASTING TO THE CHAIR.

AAAAAAAAHHH! NO, NO! I'LL DO ANYTHING! GIVE ME ANOTHER CHANCE! I DON'T KNOW...IT WOULD BE LIKE-- FARE?



THE EXECUTIONER MOVED HIS HAND DOWNWARD WITH A DEFT MOTION OF HIS WRIST. ALL OVER THE PRISON, THE CELL BLOCK LIGHTS DIMMED.

HE'S BETTER--HIS?

SO LOW,
FELLA...



AFTER EACH DEATH, EDGAR BOWMAN WENT OUT INTO THE NIGHT, WALKING WITH HEAD LOW, HIS SOUL, EXULTING.

HE WAS A BAD MAN--HE PAID THE PENALTY! AND I--I WAS FATE'S INSTRUMENT TO BRING HIM TO HIS DOOM!



DAY AFTER DAY, NIGHT AFTER NIGHT IT WAS ALWAYS THE SAME.

ENDLESS WHACKING. EVERY LAST ONE OF 'EM I THOUGHT THIS ONE WOULD BE DIFFERENT. SHE'S SUPPOSED TO BE COLD--INNOCENT BUT SHE YELLS JUST LIKE THE REST!

AAAAAAAAHHH!



SHE YELLED--AND SO SHE DIED!



THAT BUT JUST LOWES HIS WORK, DOESN'T HE?

I'LL SAY IT WOULDN'T TAKE IT ON A BET--BUT HE GETS FANGLED ON ACCOUNT OF IT!



EDGAR BOWMAN'S FAME SPREAD TO NEARBY STATES. PRISONS SENT HIM INVITATIONS TO ATTEND THEIR EXECUTIONS AS GUEST OF HONOR...



IN THIS STATE WE HAVE A GAS CHAMBER WOULD YOU CARE TO RELEASE THE BAIT?

I CERTAINLY WOULD, BUT IT WILL BE A NEW EXPERIENCE FOR ME!



HMMH. HANGING IS THE METHOD IN THIS STATEMENT?

IT IS? QUICK AND SURE? CARE TO PRESS THE ROPE RELEASE?

FROM OCEAN TO OCEAN, THE NAME OF EDGAR BOWMAN BECAME KNOWN. HE WAS A SYMBOL OF JUSTICE? HIS HANDS WERE QUICK AND CERTAIN. HE KILLED CALMLY, QUICKLY! WITH HIM, DEATH WAS A SERVANT TO HIS DESIRES! HE WENT ON THE RADIO, ON TELEVISION...



AND THEN, ONE AFTERNOON IN THE WARDEN'S OFFICE OF THE STATE PRISON...



NOTHING MUCH DOING FOR YOU, EDGAR? NEWS PEOPLE HAVE BEEN REMAINING THEMSELVES LATELY. NO DEATH PENALTIES AT ALL?

THAT WON'T KEEP 'EM. THERE ARE ALWAYS PEOPLE GOING OFF THEIR TROLLEY! I'M NOT WORRIED!

BUT AS THE DAYS WENT BY...



CARPER JONES--NOT GUILTY? ARTHUR BOWMAN--NOT GUILTY? WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THOSE JONES, ANYHOW?

NOT GUILTY? NOT GUILTY? TEN MURDERERS IN AS MANY WEEKS--AND ALL OF THEM SET FREE? POOLS? THAT'S WHAT THOSE JONES CONSIST OF--POOLS? WELL, I'M NO POOL!



I KNOW THEY'RE GUILTY!

DEAD BY EXECUTION? IT WAS A
SIMPLE MATTER TO RIG UP MY WIRES
SO I COULD FLOOD THAT METAL GATE
WITH ENOUGH ELECTRICITY TO KILL
A COUPLE MURDERERS?



HE IS ONLY THE FIRST/THERE
ARE MANY OTHERS THAT DE-
SERVE TO DIE—AND WILL!



TWO NIGHTS LATER, IN A LITTLE SPORTS CAFE,
ARTHUR BOWMAN PREPARED FOR BED...



THINK I'LL TAKE A NICE
WARM SHOWER! IT'LL HELP
ME SLEEP... LET ME FORGET
MY MURDER THING...

SAFE...SAFE AT LAST! AFTER ALL THOSE
MONTHS OF WORRY! I DON'T KNOW WHO
KILLED JIM—BUT I DON'T! AND THANK
GOODNESS...THE JURY RELIEVED ME!



BOOOOOOOOOOO!



DEAD? ONE MORE HAS PAID THE
SUPREME PENALTY FOR HIS EVIL!
BUT THERE ARE OTHERS... MANY
OTHERS FREED FROM THEIR FATE
BY A STUPID JURY...



TWO HAVE DIED! BEHOLD,
FLOOD WAS FREED BY A JURY!
I WAS THERE MYSELF TO HEAR
THE TESTIMONY IN HIS CASE!
BUT HE SHALL NOT ELUDE
JUSTICE!



IT WAS ON A WILD AND STORMY NIGHT THAT GEORGE FLOOD CLOSED HIS ACCOUNT BOOKS AND WALKED TOWARD HIS LITTLE SUBURBAN HOME.



I GUESS I'M JUST ABOUT THE HAPPIEST MAN IN THE ENTIRE WORLD.



HERE COMES THE HANGMAN NOW!

A SNIP OF WIRE CUTTERS IN REACTION-GLOVED HANDS—



WHEN THIS LIVE WIRE TOUCHES FLOOD—IN HIS RAIN-WET CLOTHING--IT WILL BE JUST AS EFFECTIVE AS THE ELECTRIC CHAIR HE CREATED!



AAAAGGGHH!



DEATH FOR THE WICKED? HE CREATED DEATH ONCE, BUT IT HAS CLAIMED HIM FOREVER! HE WILL NOT KILL AGAIN!



IN THE POLICE STATIONS, HARD-BOILED DETECTIVES ARE GATHERING TO DISCUSS THE "ELECTRIC DEATH".

EVERYONE'S BEEN KILLED BY ELECTRICITY! GEE, ISN'T IT?



A JURY SAID THEM ALL, YET FATE CONSPIRED TO EXECUTE THEM AFTER ALL!

I'M NOT SO SURE IT WAS FATE! I THINK IT WAS—A MAN!



MAYBE I'M WRONG--BUT WE'LL SOON FIND OUT! WATCH BETTY BATES? A JURY PLEDGED HER A MORTUARY. IF A MAN IS OUT TO KILL HER--HE'LL TRY SOON!

YOU'RE RIGHT! WE'LL GUARD HER RIGHT AND O.K.



NEXT DAY, A PLAINCLOTHESMAN TOOK UP HIS POSITION, ALWAYS WITH HIS EYES FASTENED ON THE FORMER PRISONER OF THE LAW.

THAT MAN WITH THE NEWSPAPER IS A DETECTIVE I'VE SEEN HIM AT THE BIG HOUSE LOADS OF TIMES!



THIS EXECUTION WILL HAVE TO BE MY MASTERPIECE! THE POLICE WILL TRY TO STOP ME, BUT I MUST NOT LET THEM! HMMM... THIS WILL REQUIRE SOME THOUGHT...

ON A WIND-SWEPT, STORMY NIGHT SOME WEEKS LATER, BETTY BATES LEAVED HER OFFICE, WAITING FOR HER IS A GUY, DARK AND AID FIGURE...



I'LL BE HIDDEN IN THE SHADOWS--A QUICK LEAP AND THEN TO LIFT HER INTO THE WOODEN WATER TROUGH--WHERE HIGH VOLTAGE WIRES WILL ELECTRIFY HER!

BUT EVEN AS THE EXECUTIONER LEAPED FORWARD, HIDDEN BY DARKNESS AND THE SHADOWS, A BRILLIANT BOAT OF ELECTRICITY--~~LIGHTNING?~~--LIT UP THE SCENE LIKE A BEAM OF SUNLIGHT!



LOOK OUT! THERE'S A MAN THERE!

electric?



IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR THAT LIGHTNING...I WOULDN'T HAVE SEEN HIM. UNTIL AFTER HE'D LIFTED MISS BATES...AND TOSSED HER IN THAT ELECTRICALLY TREATED WATER!

SOME MONTHS LATER, IN THE BIG HOUSE, A SCREAMING MAN WAS DROPPED TOWARD THE ELECTRIC GUARD! THERE WAS FRIGHT IN HIS PALLID FEATURES, FEAR IN HIS WRITHING MOUTH...



I--I'M SCARED! I DON'T WANT TO DIE! NO...NOT STOP... STOP...AAAAAHHH!

ALIBI...ON ICE!

Snow Trooper Mark Holliday looked down at the body stretched in the snow at his feet. The man had evidently been skiing down treacherous Harpin Turn . . . had momentarily lost control of his skis . . . and had crashed head-on into the gnarled old tree which poked its tremendous girth up out of the snow and ice around it!

"I can't imagine how in the world it could have happened," mumbled the giant of a man standing at the Trooper's elbow. "This turn on the ski slope has a bad reputation. I know . . . but still . . . he claimed to be an **EXPERT** skier! Awful bad **ACCIDENT**!"

Trooper Holliday nodded almost unconsciously to the tall man's speech. Funny thing, he mused. An **EXPERT** skier, this Jack Benson says . . . and yet the man can't stop himself short of such an obvious obstacle as this old tree!

"I just happened to be looking out of the window of the Inn when I saw this guy go shooting down the hill," big Jack Benson was saying, his large St. Bernard's eyes roving over the landscape. "Sure happened sudden on a awful tragedy . . . accident like that!"

Trooper Holliday looked down at the dead man. His eyes roved over the figure . . . moved on to the trunk of the tree . . . and then crossed back to the spot where towering Jack Benson

stood, his feet stamping against the snow to keep his toes warm.

"YOU do much skiing, Benson?" asked Holliday. "See any other accidents like the one in all the time you've spent that run up there on the hill?"

Benson's eyes squinted at the State Trooper before he answered. "Can't say as I have. Other . . . first kind like THIS!"

Trooper Holliday rubbed his chin, let his hand rest momentarily under his coat. When he brought it out, the fingers were gripped tight around his revolver.

"You better put your hands up, Benson . . . we've got a trip to make to Headquarters!"

Benson started to sputter his innocence, but one look from the Trooper quieted him. "Couple of things don't look like accidents to ME! The bark of the tree where the victim was supposed to crash, for instance," and the Trooper. "If you look closely you'll find it isn't even peeled . . . and yet the man was supposed to hit it hard enough to crack his skull! And his clothing . . . got too much on him, especially for an expert skier! But what points the finger at YOU," and the Trooper, as he steered Benson down the snow-covered hillside, "are these skis! The man on the ground is less than five-and-a-half feet tall . . . and these skis are long enough for a giant! A Giant like YOU!"

CRYPT-KEEPER'S CORNER EXTRA

I have a question that has puzzled me for a while now. I wasn't around in the early 50's, but I have a few original Tales from the Crypt comics and I noticed inside the front cover of them at the bottom it says that "Tales From the Crypt" was formerly "The Crypt of Terror." I have the last "Tales From the Crypt" which was #48 and inside there is an article that says E.C. was not planning to make a #48. Instead they were going to make #45 the last and make a fourth title called "The Crypt of Terror," but because the comic concerns both Tales, Vault and Haunt were a "bad influence" on kids . . . they made a Crypt #48 and ended the 3 titles. What I would like to know is was there ever a "Crypt of Terror" and if not why did they print that "Tales" was formerly "The Crypt of Terror?"

Sincerely,
Tales From The Crypt's
#1 Fan,
Robert Bonneau
Staten Island NY

EC started a life called INTERNATIONAL COMICS in that with an issue #1. This title was changed later to INTERNATIONAL (Giant PRINTING, and, later, to CRIME PAPER), but the numbering stayed to continue. When the New Trend was launched, that would have been CRIME #100, #117 became CRYPT OF TERROR #1. This was actually the first issue of CRYPT, then, despite the lower number. With the fourth issue of CRYPT, the title was changed to TALES FROM THE CRYPT, it's this name which was used for the longest time and under which the comic really ran for decades.

Near the end of the New Trend period, EC was on the verge of starting a KIDULTIN horror title, and would have resurrected the name CRYPT OF TERROR for it. That is the comic mentioned in the first issues of CRYPT, HAUNT and BLOOD and illustrated in a famous house ad.

However, EC decided to jump the whole New Trend thing and soon released the new OFFICIALS comic (called BLOOD) and, besides, the contents of the advertised THE CRYPT OF TERROR #1 of 1948 was published as the "MAD" and first issue of TALES FROM THE CRYPT.



ABOVE IS THE COVER OF "CRYPT #1" (CRYPT OF TERROR #17, 1988) AS IT APPEARED UPON ORIGINAL RELEASE.

TELL-TALE MARKS!

Master Coming picked up the telephone and called the Police station. While he held the phone, waiting for the connection to be made, he let his eye rove around the room. He could breathe a little more easily now, he thought to himself, his eye resting for one moment on the trophy case with the metal plate screwed to its top. Matthew Coming, Curator was inscribed in black on the bronze strip.

"Is this the Police station?" he asked the voice on the other end of the line. "This is Matthew Coming, Curator over at the Mid-town Museum and Zoo. I'm afraid there's been a little trouble over here. I think we'll need your assistance!" Coming reached across the desk as he spoke and picked up a vial which contained an oily liquid. He cleared his throat, rolled the vial between his fingers. "The trouble took place just ten minutes ago . . . over in the Snake cage! A man who once worked here wandered in . . . evidently poked around! And now . . . we've got a corpse on our hands!"

It had gone off precisely as he had planned it, Coming thought to himself as he dropped the vial into his coat pocket. That meddlesome Smith had come back today as he had promised. All set to tell the authorities about that bit of trouble Coming had with the low years

below. Unless, of course, Coming could make it worth his while to be quiet about the episode. And so he had made preparations to welcome Smith . . . something in the way of a farewell party, he thought to himself with a chuckle! The snakes . . . they had been the surest way out of the difficulty! Who could question the death of a man who had stumbled into a cage-full of poisonous serpents?

* * * * *

The Detective stared down at the body of the man which the Zoo attendants had dragged out of the Snake Cage. The clothing around the shoulders was torn and shredded . . . and deep in the man's throat were two tiny punctures, which were beginning to turn black! Nasty thing, thought the Detective . . . to be killed that way by the bite of a poisonous snake! He stared closer to the corpse, and then he straightened out, his pencil point tapping against the glass top of the Curator's desk.

"Anybody else around when you heard the noise from the Cage?" the Detective asked Coming.

"Nobody that I know of, Coming answered, his fingertips rubbing against the vial in his coat-pocket. "I guess we were alone here . . . just the two of us . . . and a cage-full of SNAKES!"

"Those marks are curious," the Detective said, his pencil tapping. "I remember reading something recently about snakes. Seems they very rarely will bite a man above the knee . . . certainly not as high up as the throat! And the reason is simple . . . no snake is large enough to arch its back and reach much higher than a foot-and-a-half off the ground!"

Coming gulped. He could feel his palm moist against the vial in his pocket.

"Those punctures undoubtedly contained snake venom," the Detective was saying, but Coming could no longer hear him very distinctly. "But I don't think they were administered by a snake's tongue! Perhaps YOU can tell us how they WERE administered, Master Coming . . . down at Headquarters!"



PRIVATE DETECTIVE JACK WILKINSON DECIDES TO
TO ESCAPE FROM THE TURMOIL OF HIS OFFICE
AND HOME BY TAKING HIS WIFE TO A SMALL
FAMILY HOTEL IN WHICH HE IS CERTAIN HE CAN-
NOT BE REACHED! BUT HE WALKS HEAD-ON INTO
TROUBLE WHEN HE ENTERS ROOM 404 WHICH
CONTAINS....

THE CORPSE NOBODY KNEW



THE LOBBY OF THE MAJESTIC HOTEL...

HERE'S THE KEY,
SIR...ROOM 404!
I'LL HAVE A BELL-
BOY...

DON'T NEED ONE,... THANKS
JUST THE SAME! ME AND THE
WIFE'LL JUST SHUT UP TO THE
ROOM BY OURSELVES! NO OTHER
...NO FUSS!



MADE IT! A PHONEY NAME
AT THE DESK... NOW THE
OFFICE'LL NEVER BE
ABLE TO FIND ME!

YOU JUST STRETCH
OUT ON THE BED, JACK.
WHILE I HAVE A COUPLE
OF DRESSER IN THE
CLOSET....





EASER SAID THAT SOME? HE'S NOT AROUND. SAID HE HAD TO LEAVE RATHER SUDDENLY... OUT-OF-TOWN TRIP. BE BACK IN A DAY-OR-SO? BEEN ACTING RATHER FUNNY LATELY... FOLLOW ME!



JUST A HUNCH OF MINE... THING MAYBE HE STARTED OUT TO COMMIT A LITTLE IMMORAL LASCIVIOUS HERE IN THE HOTEL VAULT... AND THOSE WENT WRONG!



THE PLACE IT'S BEEN TURNED UP-SIDE-DOWN!



YEP! JUST AS I THOUGHT! THE PLACE HAS BEEN NOBBED... BY SOME OTHER THAN PAUL WINSLOW... THE MANAGER OF THE MAJESTIC HOTEL?

NOW WE'VE GOT SOMETHING TO TELL THE POLICE! LUCKY THING I HAPPENED TO LEARN THAT WINSLOW WAS PLANNING TO LEAVE TOWN... EVEN KNOWING WHICH PLANE HE PLANS TO TAKE? THE SGP'LL LOVE ME FOR IT!



THE COMMISSIONER MAY EVEN KISS YOU!

POLICE? THIS IS BILL RIEKER... DETROIT-ONE OVER AT THE MAJESTIC? ABOUT THAT UNIDENTIFIED MURDER VICTIM... HERE'S A CLUE! PAUL WINSLOW, MANAGER OF THE HOTEL, PLANNED TO TAKE THE TWO-THIRTY PLANE THIS AFTERNOON TO CHICAGO! RATHER SUDDENLY, TOO?



THE PORDERIOUS MACHINERY WHICH DEALS WITH LAW AND ORDER BEGAN TO FUNCTION IMMEDIATELY...

CALLING SQUADROARS EIGHT TO THIRTEEN EIGHT TO THIRTEEN? VISIT ALL THE AIRLINE OFFICES IN TOWN? GET INFO ON A PAUL WINSLOW... SUPPOSED TO HAVE LEFT BY PLANE AT TWO-THIRTY! URGENT!



AT THAT SAME MOMENT, UP IN ROOM 808...

I HOPE JACK GETS BACK SOON. I DON'T LIKE TO BE LEFT ALONE LIKE THIS! AWFULLY BORED HERE... I'D BETTER OPEN THE WINDOW...





JACK DOESN'T WANT ME TO STRAY OUT OF THE ROOM...SO I'LL HAVE TO MAKE THE BEST OF IT! UNFORTUNATELY THIS WINDOW IS BRUT SOLID!



NO WONDER I COULDN'T BRUSH THE WINDOW. SOMEONE JAMMED PIECES OF PAPER INTO THE FRAME! 3-DAY...MAYBE JACK WILL GIVE SOME CLUE TO THE IDENTITY OF THE GUY THERE ON THE FLOOR!



W-W-W...IT'S A RECEIPT FROM THE STREET-WALKER CAMERA COMPANY! FOR ONE OF THOSE PHOTOS THEIR CAMERAMEN TAKE ALL OVER THE CITY...YOU BRING IN THE RECEIPT AND THEY DEVELOP THE PICTURE WHICH CORRESPONDS TO THE NUMBER ON THE RECEIPT THEY HAND YOU!



HERE COMES JACK...WITH SOMEONE WHO LOOKS LIKE A GUY I'LL SASHAY DOWN TO THAT PHOTO OUTFIT...GET THE PICTURE DEVELOPED! THAT MAY TELL US WHO THE VICTIM IS!



FIVE BLOCKS AWAY, FIVE MINUTES LATER...

IT'D LIKE TO HAVE THIS DEVELOPED...

YOU BET, MA'AM...HAVE IT READY IN A JIFFY! JUST BRAB A SEAT...IT WON'T TAKE LONG!



HERE IT IS! LAY...ALL DEVELOPED AND PRINTED! AND IT'S A BEAUTY...CLEAR AS CRYSTAL! LOOKY THE CAMERA THAT TOOK IT HAD BEEN TURNED IN FOR THE DAY...OTHER-WISE YOU MIGHT HAVE HAD TO WAIT FOR A WHILE!

Y-YES...I-JUST HAND IT OVER!



NO DUB I KNOW...BUT MAYBE IT'LL HELP JACK ON THE POLICE FIND OUT WHO THAT IS THERE ON THE FLOOR! THAT MAY BE THE CLUE THAT SMASHED THE CASE!

WHILE BACK AT THE MAJESTIC HOTEL...

SECURED EVERY INCH OF THE ROOM, WENT OVER THE BODY AND CLOTHING WITH A FINE-TOOTH COMB. NOT A CLUE AS TO WHO IT IS! AND THE BODY'S BEEN SO BADLY BATTERED...PROBABLY THE GUY'S OWN MOTHER WOULDN'T RECOGNIZE HIM!



EXCUSE ME, CAPTAIN HALL. I DON'T LIKE TO BUIT IN ON THE POLICE...BUT MAYBE *JOSE* WILL HELP! SINCE THE SAFE WAS ROBBED, AND ONLY WINSLOW KNOW THE COMBINATION. THIS MAN MAY HAVE BEEN KILLED BECAUSE HE SAW WINSLOW IN THE ACT OF ROBBERY!



GUY'S HALL...HERE'S THAT INFO ON THE AIRPLANE! YOU WANTED? JUST CAME INTO THE NEAREST STATION HOUSE OVER THE TICKET!

NEVER MIND THE LONG STORY...WHAT'S THE LOW-DOWN?



HE DROVE INTO THE TRANS-NATION AIRPORT AT 2:30-3P SO...BOUGHT A TICKET ON THE 2:35 PLANE TO CHICAGO, REGISTERED AS PAUL WINSLOW OF THIS CITY! NO CHECK YET AS TO WHETHER HE ACTUALLY GOT ON THE PLANE!

HMM...



I GUESS YOU ALL OVERHEARD THAT DELICATE STAGE-WHISPER OF MY ASSISTANT'S? IT WAS SO-GAET IN HERE YOU COULD HEAR AN EARS-DROPT IF WINSLOW IS ON THAT PLANE, HE'LL BE Picked UP AS SOON AS IT LANDS! UNTIL THEN...WE'LL JUST WAIT!



SEEMS LIKE AN OPEN-AND-SHUT CASE TO ME, CAPTAIN...EVEN THOUGH NO ONE'S ASKING MY OPINION!

MAY BE...MAY BE...



W-WHAT IS THIS A *MURDER*?

WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN, MY FINE FEATHER-BRAINED FRIEND? AND WHAT IS THAT YOU'VE GOT IN YOUR HAND?





IN THE DENSE FORESTS OF EASTERN EUROPE, THERE GROWS A WILD PLANT CALLED WOLFS-BANE. LEGEND HAS IT THAT ANY HUMAN WHO COMES IN CONTACT WITH ITS THORNS WILL BECOME A WEREWOLF, AND SUFFER THE...

CURSE OF THE FULL MOON!



THIS IS THE NIGHT OF THE FULL MOON. THE BUILDINGS OF GOTHAM ARE STEEPED IN A DREDDING RAIN AND A HEAVY FOG BLANKETS THE CITY, FORMING DENSE PATTERNS IN THE NIGHT.



BETWEEN LIGHTNING FLASHES, A FIGURE RUNS THE LENGTH OF A STREET... DARTS TO THE DOORWAY OF A BUILDING AND FRANTICALLY HANGERS ON THE DOORING WAITS NERVOUSLY... NERVOUSLY, BECAUSE TONIGHT... IS THE NIGHT OF THE FULL MOON...





"REMEMBER HOW WE STOPPED OFF AT THAT LITTLE VILLAGE IN HUNGARY? WE STAYED SEVERAL DAYS... ONCE GOING FOR A WALK IN THE FOREST... REMEMBER?"



"We thought little of the event and returned to the inn after a glorious dinner. We retired to the room we shared and went to bed. That was my last restful night, George. For as we awoke the next morning we found the inn a hubbub of excitement... and fear!"



WEREWOLF?
 WHY, THAT'S
 HORRIBLE!

NOT POSSIBLE,
 HERE DOCTOR?
 IT HAS HAPPENED
 BEFORE? COME, I
 WILL EXPLAIN...



THE WOODS SURROUNDING THE
 VILLAGE ARE INFESTED WITH A
 WILD PLANT CALLED **WOLFS-
 BANE!** LEGEND SAYS THAT
 ANYONE WHO TOUCHES IT WILL
 TURN INTO A WOLF ON THE
 NIGHT OF THE FULL MOON.
**LAST NIGHT, THE MOON
 WAS FULL!**



SEE... HERE, IN THIS BOOK, IS A
 PICTURE OF THE PLANT OF
 WHICH I SPEAK!
 WE HAVE NOT
 DESTROYED IT
 BECAUSE NO
 ONE WILL SO
 NEAR IT...

WOLF? WHY,
 THAT'S THE
 SAME PLANT
 I SCRAWLED
 ON **OH, NO!**



MANY TIMES BEFORE
 THIS HAS OCCURRED,
 HERE DOCTOR... I...
 HERE DOCTOR, IS
 SOMETHING WRONG
 WITH YOUR FRIEND?
 HE DOES NOT LOOK
 WELL...

RIGHT?... OH, BALPH! WHY,
 I... I... I SUSPECT YOUR
 STORY HAS UPSET HIM!
 I'M SURE HE'LL BE
 ALL RIGHT!



"I CLIMBED THE STAIRS TO OUR ROOM, SECURE,
 IN A TRANCE... COMPLETELY COLD GREAT BEADED
 MY BODY... **SHOULD IT BE? I HAD TO KNOW!**"

I'VE LOOKED EVERYWHERE... SEARCHED EVERY-
 THING! I CAN'T FIND A THING TO CONNECT ME
 WITH THAT GOD'S DEATH... **WHAT? MY TRENCH-COAT?**



MMH... NO, NOTHING HERE TO... **WAIT, WHAT'S THIS?**
 A REDDISH STRIP... LIKE... LIKE **BLOOD!**... AND
 SHORT CURLY HAIR? **GOD'S HAIR?** OH, NO...



THIS... THIS MEANS
 I AM A **WEREWOLF!**
 I AM! I AM!





I MUST KEEP CALM... THINK! GOT TO REMOVE THESE STAINS! WASH THEM AWAY... GOT TO...



RALPH? WHAT ARE YOU DOING? YOU ALL RIGHT? YOU ALL RIGHT?

OH... ER, YES, YES, GEORGE, I'M FINE... JUST WASHING SOME... ER... SOME DIRT OFF MY COAT!



'FOR A MOMENT I THOUGHT YOU KNEW! BUT YOU SAID NOTHING AND I BREATHE EASIER! WE LEFT FOR LONDON THAT AFTERNOON.

WE'LL STOP OFF AT BRUSSELS AND PARIS FOR AWHILE, ER RALPH? QUART TO BE IN LONDON IN ABOUT TWO WEEKS!

YES, GEORGE...



'BUT YOU WERE WRONG, GEORGE? IN TWO WEEKS, WE HAD ONLY REACHED PARIS!

HURRY UP, RALPH! GOT A BIG NIGHT OF FUN AHEAD! WE'RE GOING TO SEE THE POLICE REMOTE...

OHAY, GEORGE... BE WITH YOU IN A MINUTE!

"GAY, EXCITING PARIS! THE THRILLING, PULSATING NIGHT LIFE, COUPLED WITH THE WINE AND CIGARETTE ATMOSPHERE INDUCED US TO PROLONG OUR STAY...



"MY FEARS HAD ALMOST DISAPPEARED... ALMOST, BUT NOT QUITE! FOR SEVERAL NIGHTS LATER A RAGING WEREWOLF ROAMED THE STREETS,



"I WROTE THE NEXT DAY TO FACE THE SHOCKING FACTS OF THE SLAMING MORNING HEADLINES..."

"YOUR WOMAN BRUTALLY SLAIN! BODY MUTILATED AS IF ATTACKED BY WILD ANIMAL!... ONE EYE MISSING... ONE EAR MISSING..."



"I QUICKLY DRESSED, AND DISPOSED OF THE BLOODY SHOE BY THROWING IT DOWN AN INCINERATOR CHUTE! WHEN I RETURNED TO OUR ROOM, GEORGE, YOU WERE THERE..."

GEORGE, I WANT TO LEAVE PARIS RIGHT AWAY! WE...WE'VE BEEN HERE LONG ENOUGH!...I DON'T WANT TO STAY ANY...ANY LONGER!

WHY, RALPH? I THOUGHT YOU WERE HAVING A GOOD TIME? BUT, IF YOU WANT TO LEAVE, IT'S UP TO YOU!



"AS OUR CAR DIED TOWARD THE COAST OF FRANCE, I FOUGHT TO KEEP FROM BEING ENGULFED BY THE FEAR THAT SEETHED WITHIN ME..."

HOW I KNOW I'M SURE? BUT WHAT CAN I DO? HOW CAN I STOP MYSELF? HOW CAN I STOP? MAYBE WHEN I'M OUT OF THIS COUNTRY...YES, MAYBE THEN I'LL BE ALL RIGHT AGAIN.



"AT LE HAVRE, WE HAD TO WAIT TILL THE FOLLOWING DAY BEFORE BOARDING A SHIP TO CROSS THE CHANNEL TO ENGLAND. BUT EVEN WITH PARIS FAR BEHIND, I WAS AFRAID. LONDON WAS SMOTHERED IN FOG WHEN HE ARRIVED THAT NIGHT, AND MIST BLISTERED ON THE Pavements OF THE DARK STREETS..."

WELL, RALPH, I'VE BOOKED PASSAGE FOR US ON THE "QUEEN"! HE LEAVES FOR HOME NEXT MONTH! THAT'S NOT TOO LONG A WAIT...IS IT?

NEXT MONTH? NO...NO, GEORGE...THAT'S NOT TOO LONG!



"THE MOON'S WAY ACROSS THE SKYDOME AND THE WEEKS PASSED QUICKLY, SILENTLY...UNTIL A FEW DAYS BEFORE WE WERE TO SAIL! FOR IT WAS A NIGHT OF A FULL MOON, AND THE WEREWOLF STALKED AGAIN!"



"AND AS USUAL, THE SAME BROOKLYN FEAR COURSED THROUGH ME AS I LEARNED OF THE TERRIBLE INCIDENT THE FOLLOWING MORNING."

EARLY THIS MORNING, POLICE FOUND THE HORRIBLY TORN AND MUTILATED BODY OF ARTHUR KREEK, BELLBOY OF THE LONDON SQUARE HOTEL...



...POLICE AND SPECULATORS ON THE THEORY THAT THIS MAY BE THE WORK OF ANOTHER "WOLF IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING"! THE BELLBOY WAS STILL IN HIS WORK UNIFORM WHEN FOUND, AND ONLY HIS HAT IS MISSING! NO CLUE'S NAME...



"I DREADED WHAT I KNEW I WOULD FIND... PROOF POSITIVE AGAIN THAT I HAD KILLED!" I FOUND IT IN MY COAT POCKET... THE CRUMPLED, BLOODSTAINED BELLBOY'S HAT!



...AND THAT'S MY STORY, GEORGE? WE MAILED SEVERAL DAYS LATER AND DECIDED HERE IN NEW YORK ABOUT THREE WEEKS AGO! HOW YOU KNOW WHY I'VE COME TO YOU, GEORGE? THIS IS THE NIGHT OF THE FULL MOON... AND I'M TERRIFIED!



YOU SHOULD HAVE TOLD ME THIS BEFORE, RALPH! BUT, IT'S NOT TOO LATE. YOU SEE, THIS IS ALL IN YOUR MIND! IT'S IMPOSSIBLE FOR ANYONE TO PHYSICALLY TURN INTO A WOLF! YOU MERELY *THINK* THAT!



CERTAINLY! THE BELIEF THAT PEOPLE CAN ASSUME THE APPEARANCE AND CHARACTERISTICS OF A WOLF IS AN ANCIENT ONE! BUT, BELIEVE ME, IT IS IMPOSSIBLE! TRUE, TALES OF LYCANTHROPY DOOR EVER TODAY IN Savage OR SEMI-CIVILIZED RACES, BUT IT IS NOW REGARDED AS A FORM OF INSANITY! AND IT IS CHARACTERIZED BY ABNORMAL DESIRES FOR CERTAIN FOODS INCLUDING HUMAN FLESH!



YOU... YOU'RE SAYING I'M... I'M NOT A WEREWOLF?... BUT... BUT THAT I'M... I'M INSANE??





RALPH MY BOY,
YOU'RE *NOT* A
WEREWOLF...
AND YOU'RE
NOT INSANE!

GEORGE... I...
I DON'T
UNDERSTAND...
2... 2...



LOOK OUT THE
WINDOW DOES
THE MOON HAVE
ANY EFFECT ON
YOU? DOES IT
DOES IT?

N... NO...
NO, GEORGE!
2... I FEEL
PERFECTLY
NORMAL...
BUT... BUT...



WHAT ABOUT THE EVIDENCE, GEORGE? WHAT ABOUT THE BELLBOY'S HAIR, THE WOMAN'S BLOOD? CAN YOU EXPLAIN AWAY THE DOG'S BLOOD SWEARS ON MY COAT? CAN YOU?



YES... YES, I CAN! IT WOULD HAVE BEEN SIMPLE FOR SOMEONE TO PLANT THE HAIR, THE HAIR, FOR YOU TO FIND... SIMPLE IF SOMEONE WERE CLOSE TO YOU... SOMEONE ABLE TO GET AND WEAR YOUR COAT? SOMEONE... PERHAPS... WHO SHARED YOUR ROOM?

WH... WHAT? SOMEONE... SURELY... *REGRET?* NO, YOU MEAN...



YES, RALPH, YES! I'M THE WEREWOLF! I KILLED THOSE PEOPLE! I DID IT!



... AND NOW I'M GOING TO KILL YOU!!



THE HORRIFIED SCREAM OF A MAN IN THE MOMENTS OF DEATH PERCEIVES THE NIGHT'S STILLNESS. ABOVE THE WET, DESERTED STREET, THE FULL MOON IS THE ONLY WITNESS...

THE
END



COVER A



COVER B

PAPERCUTZ

PROUDLY PRESENTS THE ECCENTRIC EFFULGENCE
THAT IS THE EIGHTH EERIE EDITION OF THE ALL-NEW...

TALES FROM THE CRYPT

BASED ON THE CLASSIC EC COMICS SERIES.



RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO WILLIAM M. GAINES, AL FELDSTEIN,
REED CRANDALL, JOHNNY CRAIG, JACK DAVIS, WILL ELDER, GEORGE
EVANS, GRAHAM INGELS, JACK KAMEN, BERNIE KRIGSTEIN, HARVEY
KURTZMAN, JOE ORLANDO, GEORGE ROUSSOS, MARIE SEVERIN,
AL WILLIAMSON, AND WALLY WOOD.

"SHE WHO WOULD RULE
THE WORLD"

CHRISTIAN ZANIER
WRITER, ARTIST, LETTERER,
COLORIST

MARVIN MARIANO
COLORIST



THE CRYPT-KEEPER

GHOULUNATICS SEQUENCES

JIM SALICRUP
WRITER

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NO. 8
ALL-NEW!

TALES FROM THE CRYPT



1 of 2
COVERS

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THE CRYPT-KEEPER



THE OLD WITCH



THE VAULT-KEEPER

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AN ALL-NEW STORY BY
**JOE R. LANSDALE &
JOHN L. LANSDALE**
CHAMPION MOJO STORYTELLERS!



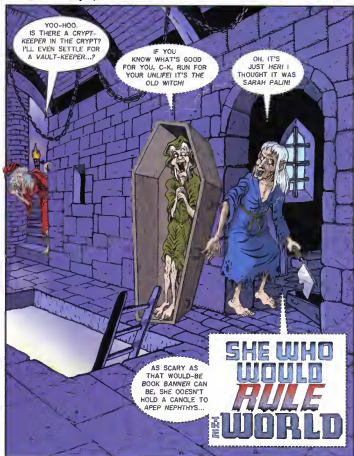
\$3.95 US




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THE CRYPT OF TERROR






MY NAME IS DOUG OR DOUGLAS CHANDLER AND I'M ABOUT TO TELL YOU A STORY ABOUT SOMETHING SO EVIL, YET SO BEAUTIFUL, THAT YOU WILL NEVER FORGET IT FOR THE REST OF YOUR DAYS.



IT HAUNTS ME TO THIS VERY DAY. I LIVED IT.



I HADN'T HEARD FROM ALBERT SCOTTSDALE IN YEARS SINCE MEDICAL SCHOOL. HE WAS ONE OF MY PROFESSORS.

A BRILLIANT GENETICIST AND SURGEON. HE WAS MY MENTOR, AND SOON AFTER A FRIEND.

RECENTLY HE CALLED UP AND ASKED ME TO COME TO HIS HOME AND PRIVATE CLINIC TO SEE HIM WITH NO EXPLANATION.



DOUG, COME IN. HOW ARE YOU MY BOY?

HELLO, ALBERT. YOU'RE LOOKING WELL.



AH! WHOA, GIRL, DOWN GIRL.



WAIT
A MIN...

HER
HIP HER LEG,
THEY'RE
WORKING.

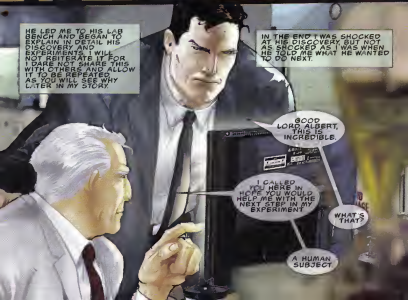
ALBERT,
HOW CAN
THAT BE?



THAT'S
WHY I CALLED
YOU HERE.

I'VE FOUND
A WAY TO ALLOW
A LIVING CREATURE TO
ADAPT TO AUTOMATICALLY
CHANGE AT A GENETIC
LEVEL TO ADAPT TO ANY
PHYSICAL DAMAGE,
INJURY OR
DISEASE.

BUT HOW?



HE LED ME TO HIS LAB
BENCH AND BEGAN TO
EXPLAIN IN DETAIL HIS
DISCOVERY AND
EXPERIMENTS. I WILL
NOT REITERATE IT FOR
I DARE NOT SHARE THIS
WITH OTHERS AND ALLOW
IT TO BE REPEATED
AS YOU WILL SEE WHY
LATER IN MY STORY.

IN THE END I WAS SHOCKED
AT HIS DISCOVERY, BUT NOT
AS SHOCKED AS I WAS WHEN
HE TOLD ME WHAT HE WANTED
TO DO NEXT.

GOOD
LORD, ALBERT,
THIS IS
INCREDIBLE.

I CALLED
YOU HERE IN
HOPE YOU WOULD
HELP ME WITH THE
NEXT STEP IN MY
EXPERIMENT

WHAT'S
THAT?

A HUMAN
SUBJECT



WHAT?!

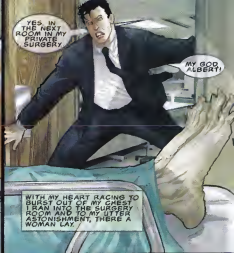
WHAT? ARE YOU MAD?!

CALM YOURSELF DOUG, I HAVE PLANNED AND THOUGHT IT THROUGH.

NOT ENOUGH OBVIOUSLY. YOU VERY WELL KNOW THIS IS NOT ETHICAL NOT TO MENTION ILLEGAL.

NOT IF SHE CONSENTS

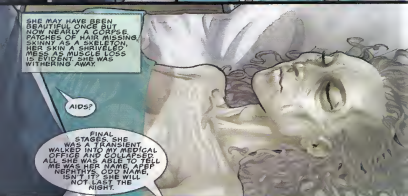
SHE? MY GOD ALBERT, YOU MEAN YOU HAVE SOMEONE IN MIND?



YES, IN THE NEXT ROOM IN MY PRIVATE SURGERY

MY GOD ALBERT!

WITH MY HEART RACING TO BURST OUT OF MY CHEST I RAN INTO THE SURGERY ROOM AND TO MY UTTER ASTONISHMENT, THERE A WOMAN LAY.



SHE MAY HAVE BEEN BEAUTIFUL ONCE BUT NOW NEARLY A CORPSE. PATCHES OF HAIR MISSING, SKINNY AS A SKELETON, HER SKIN A SHRIVELED MESS AS MUSCLE LOSS IS EVIDENT. SHE WAS WITHERING AWAY.

AIDS?

FINAL STAGES. SHE WAS A TRANSIENT, WALKED INTO MY MEDICAL OFFICE AND COLLAPSED. ALL SHE WAS ABLE TO TELL ME WAS HER NAME, APEP NEPHTHYS. ODD NAME, ISN'T IT? SHE WILL NOT LAST THE NIGHT.



MY GOD THIS IS GHASTLY

SHE IS DYING. WE WILL BE SAVING HER LIFE. YOU WISH TO LET HER DIE IF YOU CAN HELP IT? IS THAT ETHICAL?

I SUPPOSE NOT. OKAY, I WILL ASSIST YOU. BUT WE NEED HER WRITTEN CONSENT

I HAVE EVERYTHING PREPARED



MISS NEPHTHYS, ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE MY FRIEND AND ONE OF THE BEST AND BRIGHTEST YOUNG DOCTORS TODAY.

I SUPPOSE YOU'RE TRYING TO HOOK ME UP WITH A LITTLE LATE, DON'T YOU THINK O DOG.

MISS NEPHTHYS, I...

WELL HEY HAND-SOME

HUH... WHAT'S THAT MISS NEPHTHYS?

UMMMM... DON'T BE SO BASHFUL, YOU ARE VERY HANDSOME

WE WHA WHAT ARE MY THE... OOPS?

MISS NEPHTHYS, ARE YOU SURE YOU'RE FULLY AWARE OF WHAT DR SCOTT'S DALE IS ASKING OF YOU?

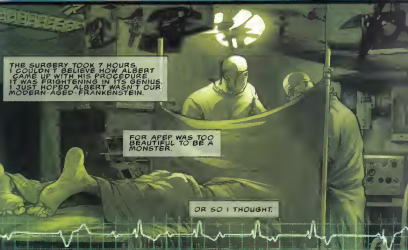
ODDS? WELL YOU MAY NOT SURVIVE THE NIGHT, IF IT FAILS NOTHING CHANGES, BUT IF IT WORKS...



YOU SURE KNOW WHAT TO SAY TO CHARM A GIRL

IN ALL YOURS, HAND-SOME

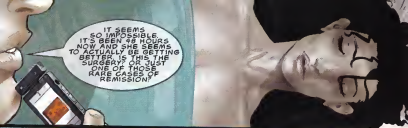
WH WHERE DO I SIGN UP?



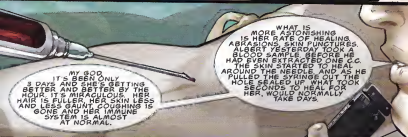
THE SURGERY TOOK 7 HOURS. I COULDN'T BELIEVE HOW ALBERT CAME UP WITH HIS PROCEDURE. IT WAS FRIGHTENING IN ITS GENIUS. I JUST HOPED ALBERT WASN'T OUR MODERN-AGED FRANKENSTEIN.

FOR AFEP WAS TOO BEAUTIFUL TO BE A MONSTER.

OR SO I THOUGHT.



IT SEEMS SO IMPOSSIBLE. IT'S BEEN 48 HOURS NOW AND SHE SEEMS TO ACTUALLY BE GETTING BETTER. IS THIS THE SURGERY? OR JUST ONE OF THOSE RARE CASES OF REMISSION?

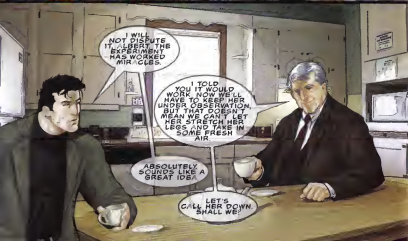


MY GOD, IT'S BEEN ONLY 3 DAYS AND SHE'S GETTING BETTER AND BETTER BY THE HOUR. IT'S MIRACULOUS. HER HAIR IS FULLER, HER SKIN LESS AND LESS GAUNT, COUGHING IS GONE AND HER IMMUNE SYSTEM IS ALMOST AT NORMAL.

WHAT IS MORE ASTONISHING IS HER RATE OF HEALING. ABRASIONS, SKIN PUNCTURES. ALBERT YESTERDAY TOOK A BLOOD SAMPLE BEFORE HE HAD EVEN EXTRACTED ONE C.C. THE SKIN STARTED TO HEAL AROUND THE NEEDLE AND AS HE PULLED THE SYRINGE OUT, THE HOLE SEALED UP. WHAT TOOK SECONDS TO HEAL FOR HER, WOULD NORMALLY TAKE DAYS.



IT'S BEEN A WEEK AND TWO DAYS SINCE THE SURGERY AND THE HIV SEEMS TO BE COMPLETELY INERT. A CURE FOR AIDS. IT'S ALMOST UNFATHOMABLE, BUT SHE IS THE PROOF. HOW FAR CAN THIS GO?



I WILL NOT DISPUTE IT, ALBERT. THE EXPERIMENT HAS WORKED. MIRACLES.

I TOLD YOU IT WOULD WORK. NOW WE'LL HAVE TO KEEP HER UNDER OBSERVATION, BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN WE CAN'T LET HER STRETCH HER LEGS AND TAKE IN SOME FRESH AIR.

ABSOLUTELY SOUNDS LIKE A GREAT IDEA.

LET'S CALL HER DOWN. SHALL WE?



I'M
ALREADY
PRESENT
DOCTOR

AH MISS
NEPHTHYS, NICE
TO SEE YOU UP
AND ABOUT.

I FEEL
EXCELLENT.
THANK
YOU.

OH
HELLO, HAND-
SOME..

HELLO, APEP



I HAVE
SOME PLEASANT
NEWS. DOUG HERE
IS GOING TO TAKE
YOU FOR A WALK IN
THE PARK.

OH?

YES,
DOUG IS
DROPPING
ME OFF AT THE
HOSPITAL NEARBY
AND YOU CAN TAG
ALONG. SOUND
GOOD MY
DEAR?

ABSOLUTELY



OKAY YOU
TWO! THE PARK
IS ACROSS THE
STREET.

APEP
YOU JUST GO
AHEAD. I'D LIKE
TO TALK TO DOUG A
MOMENT IF YOU FEEL
TIRED AT ALL. THERE
ARE NICE BENCHES
THERE FOR YOU
TO SIT AND
REST.

GLADLY



APEP
MENTIONED
HAVING NO FAMILY
OR FRIENDS SO I AM
GOING TO CONTINUE
TO LET HER STAY
AT THE HOUSE
FOR A TIME.

THAT'S
A FINE
IDEA.



"WE CAN OBSERVE THE FURTHER EFFECTS OF THE PROCEDURE."



"I CAN PAY HER ROOM AND BOARD AS WELL AS SAY 250 A WEEK, SO IT GIVES HER THE OPPORTUNITY TO START HER NEW LIFE ON A POSITIVE NOTE."



"YOU'RE RIGHT, ALBERT. SHE DESERVES IT AFTER THE ORDEAL SHE HAS GONE THROUGH AND IT WILL HELP HER FEEL BETTER ABOUT BEING OUR LITTLE GUINEA PIG."

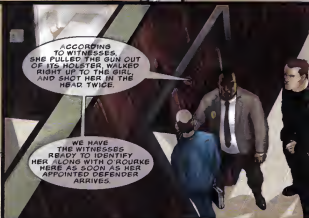


"OKAY, AGREED. SPEAK TO HER ABOUT IT AS YOU TWO WALK THE PARK AND I'M SURE SHE'LL ACCEPT."



"GO ON, CATCH UP WITH HER BEFORE SHE GETS HERSELF INTO TROUBLE ON HER FIRST DAY OUT."









MY GOD,
YOU MEAN YOU
DID MURDER THAT
WOMAN?!

MURDER?!

YOU
CALL IT
MURDER? DO YOU
CALL A TIGRESS
KILLING AN ELEK,
MURDER? DO YOU CALL
A FALCON KILLING
A RODENT
MURDER?

WHAT
ARE YOU
SAYING?

WHAT
I'M SAYING,
HANDSOME, IS
THAT IT'S THE ORDER
OF THE SPECIES. SHE WAS
AS BEAUTIFUL AS I AND I
DIDN'T LIKE IT. SHE WAS
WEAK, I WAS STRONG,
I WAS THE VICTOR.
SHE WAS MY
INFERIOR.



SO YOU
ARE SUPERIOR
THEN?

YOU
SHOULD KNOW,
HANDSOME. YOU
HELPED MAKE ME
WHAT I AM
NOW.



APEP
HOW CAN
YOU...?

SILENCE. I
DO NOT WISH TO
SPEAK OF IT ANYMORE
I'M TIRED AND I'M GOING
TO APPROPRIATE DR.
SCOTTSDALE'S
BEDROOM.

I WATCHED HER
WALK UP THE STAIRS
AND THAT WAS THE
LAST TIME I SAW
HER BEFORE SHE
DISAPPEARED.

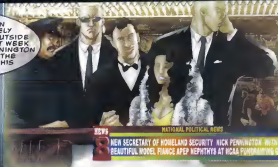
THE NEXT MORNING
SHE WAS GONE.

WE READ ABOUT HER EXPLOITS IN THE NEWS, AND FOUR YEARS LATER, WE SAW HER ON TELEVISION.

BEHIND ME IS THE WHITE HOUSE, WHERE NEWLY APPOINTED SECRETARY OF HOMELAND SECURITY, FORMER US ATTORNEY GENERAL NICK PENNINGTON IS IN CONFERENCE WITH THE PRESIDENT.



HERE WE SEE NICK PENNINGTON HIMSELF WITH HIS LOVELY FIANCE, APEP NEPHTHYS, OUTSIDE A BENEFIT GALA HELD LAST WEEK. AS YOU ALREADY KNOW, PENNINGTON WAS APPOINTED AFTER THE MYSTERIOUS DEATH OF HIS PREDECESSOR.



SHE'S BEEN MARRIED THREE TIMES IN THE LAST FOUR YEARS. TWO HUSBANDS MYSTERIOUSLY DIE AND ONE COMMITTED TO AN INSTITUTION, ALL LEAVING THEIR FORTUNES TO HER.

AMASSING THIS GREAT WEALTH, BUT TO WHAT END?

MOST DEFINITELY NOT A COINCIDENCE.

WITH HER NEW INVOLVEMENT WITH THIS NICK PENNINGTON PERSON, OBVIOUSLY SOMETHING THAT MAY THREATEN THE FREE WORLD.

IT'S JUST HARD TO THINK THAT I...

DON'T BLAME YOURSELF YOU HAD NO IDEA THIS WOULD HAPPEN. IT'S ALMOST TOO UNBEL...

DING DONG

I'LL GO GET THE DOOR.



APEP!

YOU
KNOW I
HAVE
I...

WHAT
ABOUT YOUR
FIANCE?

NICK?
WE'RE GOING
FOR A CONFERENCE IN
IRAG TO MEET WITH THE
PRIME MINISTER. MORE
TALK ON THE NEW
DEMOCRACY.

FUNNY
WORD IN A WORLD
LIKE THIS, ISN'T IT?
PEACE IS NOT IN HUMAN
NATURE. I WENT ON AHEAD
HE WILL CALL FOR
ME HERE IN THE
MORNING.

THAT'S NOT
WHAT I MEANT. ARE
YOU IN LOVE WITH HIM?
DID YOU EVEN FEEL
FOR ANY OF THE
OTHERS?

BEFORE
YOU DESTROYED
THEM?

IF I WANTED
LOVE I WOULD
COME TO YOU, HAND-
SOME. DON'T LOOK SO
BASHFUL. HOW COULD I
NOT NOTICE THE
WAY YOU LOOK
AT ME?

THEN
WHAT IS
IT? THE
MONEY?

MONEY?

WHAT'S
A GODDESS
NEED WITH
MONEY?

GODDESS?
IS THAT WHAT
YOU ARE?

THAT'S WHAT
YOU MADE ME. I'M
THE MOST POWERFUL WOMAN
IN THE WORLD. THANKS TO YOU
AND DR. SCOTTSDALE. I NOW DICTATE
LIFE AND DEATH. I HAVE POWERS
BEYOND NORMAL MAN. IS THAT
NOT WHAT MAKES
A GODDESS?

NICK
PENNINGTON, HE
IS SUPPOSED TO BE
SOMEONE SO IMPORTANT. IN
CHARGE OF KEEPING AMERICA
SAFE. BUT TO ME HE IS ONLY A
PUPPET AND I PULL THE STRINGS.
WITH HIM I'LL HOLD THE FATE
OF THE WORLD IN MY
HANDS.

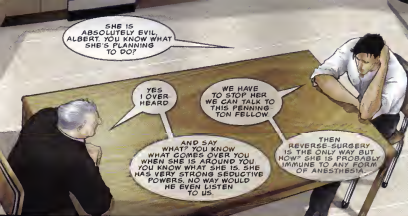
IS THAT
WHAT YOU ARE
AFTER? THE
WORLD?

IS IT NOT
WHAT A GODDESS
IS MEANT FOR? THE
WORLD WILL BOW DOWN
TO ME. WILL YOU RULE
AT MY SIDE, HAND-
SOME?

APEP
YOU'RE
EVIL.

EVIL? TOO
BAD YOU HADN'T
REALIZED THAT WHEN
YOU DECIDED TO HELP DR.
SCOTTSDALE. APEP, IN MY NATIVE
LANGUAGE, IS THE VERY PERSONI-
FICATION OF EVIL. MY MOTHER
KNEW IT THE DAY HER EYES
FIRST MET MINE. SHE NAMED ME
AT THAT VERY MOMENT WHEN
SHE WHISPERED THE
WORD APEP.

ANYWAY,
NICK WILL COME FOR
ME IN THE MORNING. I
NEED TO REST UNTIL THEN. I'M
GOING TO DR. SCOTTSDALE'S
ROOM FOR THE NIGHT. MY
OFFER STILL STANDS,
HANDSOME.



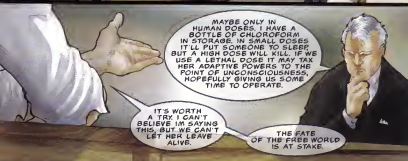
SHE IS
ABSOLUTELY EVIL,
ALBERT. YOU KNOW WHAT
SHE'S PLANNING
TO DO?

YES
I OVER
HEARD

WE HAVE
TO STOP HER
WE CAN TALK TO
THIS PENNING-
TON FELLOW

AND SAY
WHAT? YOU KNOW
WHAT COMES OVER YOU
WHEN SHE IS AROUND YOU
YOU KNOW WHAT SHE IS. SHE
HAS VERY STRONG SEDUCTIVE
POWERS. NO WAY WOULD
HE EVEN LISTEN
TO US.

THEN
REVERSE-SURGERY
IS THE ONLY WAY BUT
HOW? SHE IS PROBABLY
IMMUNE TO ANY FORM
OF ANESTHESIA.



MAYBE ONLY IN
HUMAN DOSES. I HAVE A
BOTTLE OF CHLOROFORM
IN STORAGE. IN SMALL DOSES
IT'LL PUT SOMEONE TO SLEEP,
BUT A HIGH DOSE WILL KILL. IF WE
USE A LETHAL DOSE IT MAY TAX
HER ADAPTIVE POWERS TO THE
POINT OF UNCONSCIOUSNESS,
HOPEFULLY GIVING US SOME
TIME TO OPERATE.

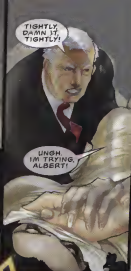
IT'S WORTH
A TRY. I CAN'T
BELIEVE I'M SAYING
THIS, BUT WE CAN'T
LET HER LEAVE
ALIVE.

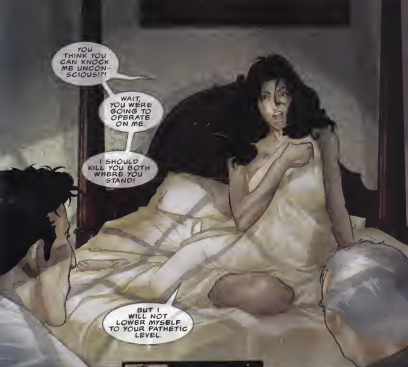
THE FATE
OF THE FREE WORLD
IS AT STAKE.



OKAY,
NOW PUT IT
OVER HER FACE. I'LL
HELP HOLD HER
DOWN.

AT THAT
DOSAGE IT SHOULD
ONLY TAKE A FEW
MOMENTS TO TAKE
EFFECT.





YOU
THINK YOU
CAN KNOCK
ME UNCON-
SCIOUS?!

WAIT,
YOU WERE
GOING TO
OPERATE
ON ME.

I SHOULD
KILL YOU BOTH
WHERE YOU
STAND!

BUT I
WILL NOT
LOWER MYSELF
TO YOUR PATHETIC
LEVEL.



IS THIS
WHAT YOU'RE
LOOKING FOR,
DOCTOR?

WAS
THIS PLAN
'B'?

WERE
YOU GOING
TO SLIT MY
THROAT
WITH IT?



WE'LL
LOOK.

WATCH
HOW YOUR
FUTILE ATTEMPT
WOULD HAVE
FAILED.



THERE!
YOU
SEE?!

NOW
GET OUT! LEAVE
ME TO MY SLUMBER.
NICK WILL BE CALLING
FOR ME IN THE
MORNING.



MY GOD,
DOUG, DID YOU
SEE HER EYES? SHE
IS NO LONGER HUMAN. SHE
IS BEYOND OUR STOPPING
HER. SHE IS INVINCIBLE.
WILL NOTHING
STOP HER??

CARBON
DIOXIDE.

OF COURSE
YES, A ROOM
FILLED WITH THE GAS
WOULD BE FATAL TO ANY
AVERAGE PERSON AND WE
NEED NOT MAKE CONTACT
WITH HER TO ADMIN-
ISTER IT.

WILL IT
WORK?

IT IS
OUR LAST OPTION.
IF IT DOESN'T WE WON'T
HAVE TO WORRY ANY LONGER.
SHE'LL SURELY KILL US
THIS TIME.

WE FILL THE
BEDROOM WITH
IT AND IT'LL HOPE-
FULLY CHOKE HER INTO
UNCONSCIOUSNESS. HER
ADAPTIVE ABILITIES
WON'T KNOW WHAT
HIT THEM.

I HAVE
A COLLEAGUE
WHO CAN SUPPLY US TWO
TANKS. I'LL HAVE IT SENT
TO US IMMEDIATELY.



OKAY, THE
DOOR CRACK
AND THE VENTS
INSIDE ARE
SEALED.

...AND
WITH GAULKING
AROUND THE
OUTSIDE OF THE
WINDOW.

THE
ROOM'S AS
AIRTIGHT AS
IT'S GOING TO
GET

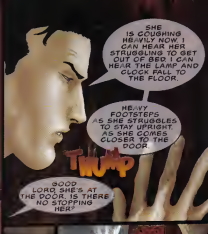
ANY
MOMENT NOW,
DOUG, THE GAS SHOULD
BE FILLING THE ROOM
AND SOON START
TAKING EFFECT
ON APER



THERE SHOULD BE ENOUGH CONCENTRATION OF CARBON DIOXIDE INSIDE BY NOW WHERE THE AVERAGE PERSON WOULD SURELY BE DEAD

CAN'T HEAR ANYTHING YET.

WAIT. SHE'S STARTING TO COUGH.



SHE IS COUGHING HEAVILY NOW. I CAN HEAR HER STRUGGLING TO GET OUT OF BED. I CAN HEAR THE LAMP AND CLOCK FALL TO THE FLOOR.

HEAVY FOOTSTEPS AS SHE STRUGGLES TO STAY UPRIGHT. AS SHE COMES CLOSER TO THE DOOR.

THUMP

GOOD LORD SHE'S AT THE DOOR. IS THERE NO STOPPING HER?



THUMP

DO NOT LISTEN TO HER, DOUG. FIGHT OFF HER INFLUENCE.



DOUG, PLEASE. DON'T KILL ME.

KOFF PLEASE, I'M NOT REALLY EVIL. JUST A CONFUSED CHILD.
KOFF
KOFF
KOFF

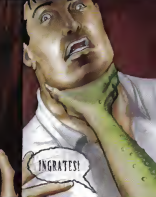
KOFF DOUG, I LOVE YOU PLEASE.
KOFF



THUMP

KOFF IF YOU LOVE ME PLEASE SAVE ME.
KOFF
KOFF

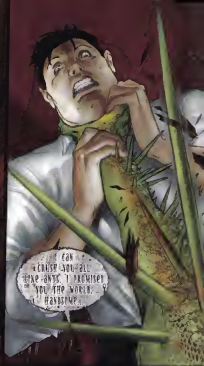
NO!! I WON'T LISTEN!



INGRATES!



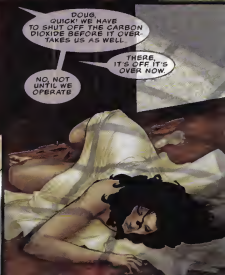
GO! PATRICK!
TOMMY! YOU HAVE
NO IDEA WHAT YOU ARE
DEALING WITH.



THE CAN
CRASH YOU ALL
ONE HANDS. I PROMISED
YOU THE WORLD.
HANDSOME.



AND
THIS IS HOW
YOU... R RE
PA



DOUG,
QUICK! WE HAVE
TO SHUT OFF THE CARBON
DIOXIDE BEFORE IT OVER-
TAKES US AS WELL.

NO, NOT
UNTIL WE
OPERATE

THERE,
IT'S OFF IT'S
OVER NOW.



THIS IS HOW THE
STORY ENDS.

WE WERE ABLE TO
DO THE PROCEDURE
WITHOUT INCIDENT.

SHE REVERTED BACK
TO HER ORIGINAL
STATE. THE AIDS HAD
COMPLETELY OVER-
COME HER.

IT WAS FOR THE
BETTER. WE DID
SAVE MANKIND.

THEN WHY DID I
FEEL SO BAD?

WELL, SHE WAS RIGHT
ABOUT ONE THING.

I WAS IN LOVE WITH
HER. AND MAYBE IN
HER OWN TWISTED
WAY SHE LOVED ME.

I ALMOST TOOK HER
UP ON HER OFFER
TO RULE BY HER SIDE.

IT WOULDN'T HAVE
WORKED OUT ANYWAY.

AFTER ALL, I AM
ONLY HUMAN.

KLACK

HAI! SEE WHAT HAPPENS
WHEN A GAL TRUSTS
THE WRONG
TWO GUYS!?



BUT STILL
--THAT
TALE TRULY
INSPIRED
ME!



FOLKS ARE ALWAYS SCHEMIN' TO HOLD OTHERS
DOWN! LET ME TELL YOU, EVEN THE CRYPT-KEEPER
AND THE VAULT-KEEPER ARE PART OF A GHOUL-
OLD BOYS CLUB THAT LOVES KEEPING A GOOD
WOMAN DOWN! AFTER ALL, THEY'VE GOT
CRYPTS AND VAULTS TO KEEP --
WHAT DO I HAVE?!



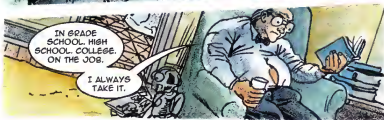
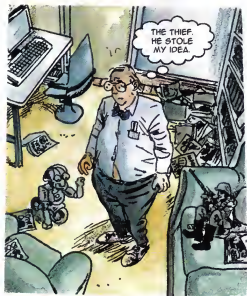
I NEED TO
WHIP UP A BATCH OF
DL' DDC SCOTTSDALE'S
SPECIAL POTIONS! BUT I'LL
NEED TWO SPECIAL
INGREDIENTS!

BUT POWER-HUNGRY
PREDATORS DON'T JUST PREY UPON
WOMEN! ANYONE THEY DEEM TO BE WEAK IS FAIR
GAME! TAKE STANLEY POTTS, FOR EXAMPLE! ALL HE
HAD WAS A SIMPLE
DREAM, AND AN
OPPORTUNISTIC CO-
WORKER STOLE IT!
IT'S ALL LOVINGLY
LAID OUT IN...

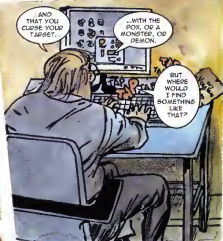
**VIRTUAL
HOO DOO**











MONSTER neighborhood



START

I'LL USE HER. BLOODY CROCKER.

I'LL JUST GIVE THE SPELL TO HER TO DELIVER.

YOU GOT THAT, BLOODY?

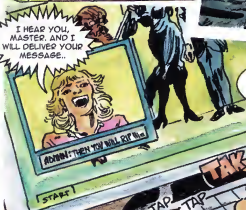


CLICK



TAP
TAP
TAP

I HEAR YOU, MASTER, AND I WILL DELIVER YOUR MESSAGE..



ADAM: THEN YOU WILL RIP ME

START

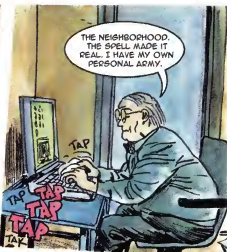
AND MAYBE I'LL ATTACH A VIRUS TO IT, JUST TO MAKE IT SPECIAL.



TAP
TAP

TAP
TAP

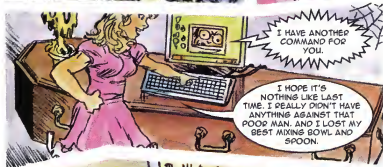














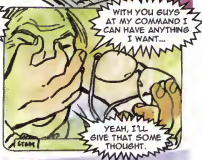
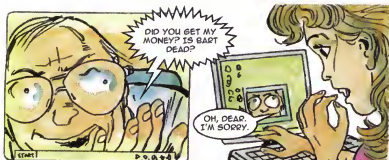
HELLO, IN
THERE. WELCOMING
COMMITTEE.



SIDNEY
WANTS HIS
MONEY.

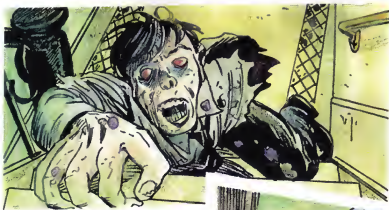
















YOU KNOW, IT SURE WAS NICE OF THE OLD WITCH TO INVITE US INTO THIS HOT TUB! MAYBE WE MISJUDGED HER!


The scene shows two ghouls sitting in a large, circular hot tub filled with green liquid. The ghoul on the left is wearing a brown robe and has a wide, toothy grin. The ghoul on the right is wearing a blue robe and has a similar expression. They are both looking towards the right. The background shows a stone wall with arched windows.

I COULD BE MISERABLY MISTAKEN, BUT I'M STARTING TO SUSPECT THIS AIN'T NO HOT TUB! THAT IF WE DON'T GET OUT NOW - WE'RE SOUP!

LIKE ANYONE WOULD WANT A BOWL OF CREAM OF CRYPT-KEEPER SOUP!

YOU EVER-GAGGING GHOULS ARE VITAL INGREDIENTS IN MY SPECIAL POWER-POTION!

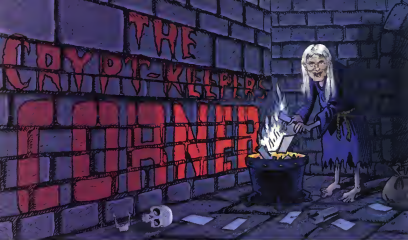
»GASP«
»CHOKER«



The scene shows three ghouls in a kitchen-like setting. One ghoul is stirring a large, bubbling cauldron with a long wooden spoon. Another ghoul is standing next to the cauldron, looking on. A third ghoul is sitting on the floor, looking up at the others. The cauldron is filled with a dark, bubbling liquid. The background shows a stone wall with arched windows.

AS MUCH AS TO LOVE TO STAY AND BECOME SECRET SAUCE, WITCHE-POO, MY PALE SKIN IS GETTING ALL PRUNEY - AND I'M SURE YOU DON'T WANT PRUNES IN YOUR RECIPE!

SO, LET'S MEET AGAIN NEXT TIME, KIDNIES, IN TALES FROM THE CRYPT #3! AND REMEMBER, DON'T UPSET ANY WITCHES IF YOU WANT TO STAY OUT OF HOT WATER! HEY, I'M DYING HERE!



Gruesome greetings, my fellow Americans! It's me, your non-political Crypt-Keeper, with a somewhat SHRUNKEN SELECTION of FEARLESS FEEDBACK from our CREEPY CONSTITUENTS. Seems like our usually tight-lipped editorial types are eager to spout off on a topic we're super-sensitive about around these parts. Ironic, isn't it? In order for them to talk about censorship, we have to silence a few of our EEINDISH fans from expressing their un-DYING admiration for their favorite HORROR comicbook!

But while the POWERS-THAT-BE around here may be a benevolent dictatorship, we've always run this letters column as a true DEMON-ocracy, er, I mean, democracy, letting you the rotten readers VOTE every issue for your favorite stories. It was a close race this time around with "Ignoble Rot" by writer Fred Van Lente and artist Mort Todd just squeaking past "Moonlight Sonata" by writers Joe and John Lansdale and artist Chris North. Not much of a surprise really, as ZOMBIES are hotter than ever these days.

I'd normally tell you all about our fifth frightful collection of TALES FROM THE CRYPT stories published in paperback and hardcover by Papercutz, but that'll just have to wait till next issue. Or you can quickly check out the ad on our back cover. But if we're going to squeeze any mail in, we better do so now...

Dear Crypt-Keeper,

I was recently at my local mall, and in the center plaza was a temporary comic vendor. He had all kinds of comic collectibles. I walked straight up to him and asked him for the EC comics. He pulled down a stack of EC originals. It was amazing. He even had THE CRYPT OF TERROR issue two. I told him I wanted to buy them so bad but I didn't have the money. He pointed me to a box of horror comics with some 1990 reprints. I scratched the only two CRYPTS he had. Even though the new ones are nothing like them, I still love them. I would be so happy if you could revive THE HAUNT OF FEAR and THE VAULT OF HORROR. Maybe even make

them for a more mature audience...?) Or maybe you could reprint originals. Even if you don't, I'm still going to keep buying TALES FROM THE CRYPT. Congratulations and thank you for reviving a series I grew up on.

Sincerely,
Johnny Bailey

Tell me, Johnny, did the Vault-Keeper or the The Old Witch put you up to this? Those two will stoop to any level to get their mag's back! And in case you didn't know, all of the original EC comics are being reprinted as beautiful big full-color hardcover books by the geeks over at Gemstone Publishing. You can buy the first few years of TALES FROM THE CRYPT (as well as THE HAUNT OF FEAR, THE VAULT OF HORROR, and many more) for a mere \$49.95 per volume - a lot cheaper than trying to get the original back issues!

Keep those emails and letters coming - we get so lonely here in the Crypt of Terror! Send letters to:

The Crypt-Keeper's Corner
40 Exchange Place, Suite 1308
New York, NY 10005

Or email your comments to the Old Editor at:
salicup@papercutz.com

And be sure to visit papercutz.com for the latest TALES FROM THE CRYPT news!

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A SPECIAL EDITORIAL

BY CATHY GAINES MIFSUD

Before we begin, we need to make something very clear. **TALES FROM THE CRYPT** is not endorsing any political candidates or parties. We respect our readers' intelligence, and for those of you old enough to vote, we encourage you to do so for the candidates of your choice.

Nor are we attacking any candidates. This issue's alternate cover, featuring Gov. Sarah Palin, is our version of a political cartoon. It's simply expressing our reaction whenever we hear anything about book banning -- it's truly frightening to us. Also, and this is very important, it's very unclear whether those early reports about Sarah Palin, looking into banning books from a library back when she was the mayor of Wasilla, Alaska, are true or not. We, of course, certainly hope that they're indeed untrue.

Why is book banning frightening to us? Surely, we can't possibly object to anyone keeping objectionable material out of the hands of impressionable children. Well...

You see, from 1950 to 1956 my father, William M. Gaines, published the original **TALES FROM THE CRYPT** comicbooks, as well as the rest of the entire EC line of comics, which included **THE HAUNT OF FEAR**, **THE VAULT OF HORROR**, **WEIRD SCIENCE**, **SHOCK SUSPENSORIES**, **TWO-FISTED TALES**, **WEIRD FANTASY**, **WEIRD SCIENCE-FANTASY**, **CRIME SUSPENSORIES**, and one called **MAD**. Dad hired the very best writers, artists, and editors in the field, and even now, over 50 years later, those comics are still considered to be shining examples of some of the best comics ever created.

Unfortunately, during the height of the success of the EC horror titles, there was a movement to ban these comics, based on the misguided notion that they were somehow turning children into juvenile delinquents. Just like some politicians today try to blame video games and rap music for all sorts of social ills and for being a negative influence, back then EC comics were the target. There were newspaper and magazine articles, investigations, and finally, a Comics Code was created, a code that meant the end of almost the entire EC line of comics. Only **MAD**, which was turned into a magazine, managed to survive.

Now, if you actually look at and read those old EC comics, the only thing that might actually shock you is how incredibly tame they are by today's standards. Take a look at the hardcover collections of **TALES FROM THE CRYPT** published by Gemstone, and look closely at those stories, and you'll see that you'll be hard-pressed to find a single drop of blood. Sure, the stories were scary -- that's what they were intended to be. But they were scary in the same way that classic fairy tales are scary, or even stories from the Bible. Usually the stories were about someone who did something wrong, and how their victims were somehow avenged.

Now, does that mean we believe that every book ever published should be available to any reader of any age? Of course not! Certainly every bookstore and library has

the responsibility to make sure no unsuitable material ever winds up in the hands of children. And certainly, every bookseller has the right to decide to sell or not sell whatever they choose. The challenge is always determining exactly what is and isn't suitable for children.

When we decided to relaunch **TALES FROM THE CRYPT** with Papercutz, there were fans of the original comic that were surprised that we chose a publisher known for their all-ages graphic novels. Those fans wanted a new **TALES FROM THE CRYPT** series that would push the boundaries of modern horror, going places no **TALES FROM THE CRYPT** comic had ever gone before. Now, there's certainly nothing wrong with that, but we decided to go with Papercutz because we wanted **TALES FROM THE CRYPT** to be what the original comic was always meant to be, a scary comic for all-ages, with the very best writing and artwork possible. So, here we are, over fifty years after the original **TALES FROM THE CRYPT** comic was launched, and we're back trying to create a comic that we hope folks fifty years from now will still be talking about.

We certainly understand the desire to protect children from unsuitable material, but we don't believe that banning books is the answer. As the situation exists today, both librarians and booksellers act very responsibly to assure that children are not exposed to anything objectionable. Protecting children, is usually the excuse given when another agenda may be at work. As far as we can tell, teachers, parents, librarians, and booksellers are doing a great job of making sure children are indeed protected. What usually seems to be behind banning books is an attempt to repress ideas that may offer alternative political views. This is not only un-American -- blatantly violating the very concept of free speech -- but it is assuming that people are unable to come to their own informed conclusions about controversial subjects. And how could they, if only one side of a debate is presented, while literature expressing opposing views are suppressed? Banning books represents a lack of faith in the intelligence of our fellow citizens to think for themselves.

In 1990, the Comic Book Legal Defense Fund, was incorporated as a non-profit charitable organization to fight censorship and defend the first amendment rights of comic book professionals throughout the United States. If you support free speech and love comicbooks, may we suggest you consider joining this noble organization? For full details, go to www.cbldef.org. I only wish they were around when my father could've used their help.

With all that said, we still like to believe that we're living in a world that recognizes that children love a good scary story, and that if it's told responsibly with good taste, it sparks their imaginations and they become the next generation of such amazing creators as George Lucas, Stephen Spielberg, Stephen King, and R.L. Stine -- all former EC comics readers.

*Thank You,
Cathy Gaines Mifsud
President William M. Gaines, Agent, Inc.*

E.C. FANS!

YOU'VE WRITTEN!

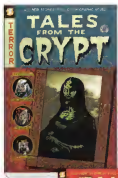
YOU'VE E-MAILED!

YOU'VE PHONED!

YOU'VE THREATENED US!

YOU'VE DEMANDED!

(BUT WE'RE COMING OUT WITH
THESE COLLECTIONS ANYWAY!)



COLLECTING STORIES BY BILGREY, CABRAL, MR.EXES, GNIEWEK,
HUDSON, KAPLAN, KLEID, LANSDALE, LOBDELL, MANNION,
MARTINEZ, MCGREGOR, MURASE, NOETH, PETRUCHA, ROMBERGER,
SIMMONS, SMITH 3, TODD, VELILLA and VOLLMAR!

ON SALE NOW AT BOOKSTORES EVERYWHERE!

WildBlueZero



PAPERCUTZ

PROUDLY PRESENTS THE NERVE-WRACKING,
PALIN-FREE NINTH ISSUE OF THE ALL-NEW...

TALES FROM THE CRYPT

BASED ON THE CLASSIC EC COMICS SERIES.



RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO WILLIAM M. GAINES, AL FELDSTEIN,
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KURTZMAN, JOE ORLANDO, GEORGE ROUSSOS, MARIE SEVERIN, AL
WILLIAMSON, AND WALLY WOOD.

"CHICKEN MAN"

JOHN L. LANSOALE
WRITER

JAMES ROMBERGER &
MARGUERITE VAN COOK
ARTISTS

MARK LERER
LETTERER



THE CRYPT-KEEPER

"GLASS HEADS"

FREO VAN LENTE
WRITER

RYAN DUNLAVEY
ARTIST

GHOULUNATICS SEQUENCES

JIM SALICRUP
WRITER

RICK PARKER
ARTIST/TITLE LETTERER/COLOR

MARK LERER
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TERROR



NO. 9
ALL-NEW!



TALES FROM THE CRYPT

FEATURING...



THE CRYPT-KEEPER



THE OLD WITCH



THE VAULT-KEEPER

IN THIS ISSUE:
"CHICKEN MAN"
BY LANSDALE & ROMBERGER!



\$3.95 US

09



THE WITCH'S CAULDRON!

WELCOME BACK, BOORS AND GHOULS, TO THE NEW AND IMPROVED CRYPT OF TERROR FEATURING MY CAULDRON OF CHILLS! IF YOU WERE EXPECTING THE DECREPIT CRYPT-KEEPER AND THE VAGUOUS VAULT-KEEPER TO GREET YOU, THEY'RE HELPING ME COOK UP A REAL POT-BOILER FOR YOU!

»GLASPY GLUGGI
CHOKES!«

QUET!

BONK!

PESKY
INGREDIENTS! BUT
WHAT CAN YOU EXPECT
WHEN YOU'RE COOKING UP
CHICKEN SOUP FOR THE
HORROR FAN?

AND IT'S
NOT **BE** GETTING CHICKENS!
JUST ASK WILL BENOER,
BETTER KNOWN AS...

**CHICKEN
MAN**





TAKE MY WOOD
FOR IT I'LL SELL
YOU A DOZEN FOR A
HUNDRED DOLLARS
A PIECE.



YOU THINK NEO
STUPID, MAN? NO WAY
I PAY YOU THAT KIND OF
MONEY. I GO SEE OLD
MAN SMITH. HE SELL ME
CHICKENS FOR FIVE
DOLLARS A PIECE.



NOT ANYMORE,
I BOUGHT HIM OUT.
THESE ARE THE ONLY
LIVE CHICKENS WITHIN
A HUNDRED MILES
OF HERE.

MAYBE YOU
SHOULD HAVE
STAYED IN HAITI
-TAKE IT OR
LEAVE IT.

HA HA HA
HA HA HA

OKAY, I TAKE
ALL OF THEM, MAN.
MAGIC DON'T WORK
WITHOUT THEM. I FIX
YOU LATER.



THAT
VOODOO
NONSENSE
DON'T WORK
ANYWAY.

WE
BOTH KNOW
YOU'RE JUST
HOODWINKING
PEOPLE. I DON'T
CARE THOUGH,
EVERYBODY
HAS TO MAKE
A BUCK.



YOU KNOW
NOTHING. I WOULD
BE MORE CAREFUL
WHAT I SAY, WILL
GENDER.

YOU MAY
REGRET IT. PUT
THE CHICKENS ON
MY TRUCK.









WHAT
YOU BEEN
UP TO,
WILL?



MAKING
A LITTLE
MONEY.

NEED A
WHOLE LOT
MORE.





BOY, I COULD USE
SOME EASY MONEY
LIKE THAT MY OLD EX-
LADY IS PUSHING ME
FOR ALIMONY.

THERE'S
MORE IF YOU
SHOT THE BACK-
BONE FOR IT. HELP
ME GET IT AND
I'LL SPLIT IT
WITH YOU.



I'M ABOUT
READY FOR ANY-
THING. THE WAY
THAT WOMAN'S
HOUNDING
ME.



I SAW THE
MONEY THIS AFTER-
NOON. YOU GOT
A GUN?

YEAH, I GOT A
GUN. THIRTY-EIGHT
MY OLD MAN
GAVE ME.

I KEEP IT HID
SO MY PAROLE
OFFICER DON'T
KNOW.













THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT
I'M GOING TO DO, IF
YOU DON'T COME UP
WITH THAT MONEY

















GO HOME?
WHAT ARE YOU
TALKING ABOUT?
IT'S ONLY
MIDNIGHT!

FORGET IT,
CHANDLER. THOSE
OF US WITHOUT TRUST
FUNDS HAVE TO GO
TO WORK IN THE
MORNING.

YEAH,
CHANDLER.
WHEN ARE YOU
GOING TO DECIDE
THERE ACTUALLY
IS SOMETHING
YOU WANT TO
DO WITH YOUR
LIFE?



NOW THAT'S
JUST NOT FAIR.
I KNOW EXACTLY
WHAT I'M DOING FOR
AT LEAST TWELVE
HOURS OF EVERY
DAY.

OF COURSE.
THAT'S SLEEPING.
BUT...

YEEESH!
YOU'RE A
DISGRACE TO
RICH KIDS
EVERYWHERE.
YOU KNOW
THAT?



A
DISGRACE.
HULL.

THERE'S
A PURPOSE I
MIGHT ACTUALLY
BE ABLE TO GET
INTO...

you.

please.

A comic book panel showing a woman with blonde hair and a purple dress in a diner. She is surrounded by a glowing blue energy field. The diner has green walls, four black pendant lights, a brown booth with tables on the left, and tables with chairs on the right. Three speech bubbles contain her dialogue.

HELP ME.

IF YOU
CAN HEAR ME,
PLEASE, PLEASE
HELP ME.

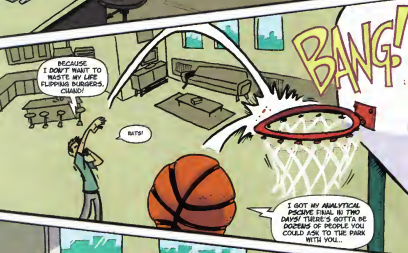
YOU ARE
THE ONLY
ONE.





'VETTE! C'MON!
THE SUN IS OUT!
THE BIRDS ARE
SINGING! IT'S APRIL
IN NEW YORK!

WHY DO
YOU WANT TO
WASTE IT IN
THE LIBRARY?



BECAUSE
I DON'T WANT TO
WASTE MY LIFE
FLIPPING BURGERS,
CHAND!

RATS!

BANG!

I GOT MY ANALYTICAL
PSYCHE FINAL IN TWO
DAYS! THERE'S GOTTA BE
DOZENS OF PEOPLE YOU
COULD ASK TO THE PARK
WITH YOU...



YEAH, BUT THEN I
WOULDN'T HAVE THE
PLEASURE OF CORRUPT-
ING THEM AWAY FROM
THEIR STUPID BORING
WORK, HEH-HEH...



ONLY
YOU CAN
HEAR ME.



ONLY
YOU CAN
HELP ME.



ONLY
YOU.

CHANDLER!

CHANDLER,
CAN YOU
HEAR ME?



DON'T—
IF YOU CAN
HEAR ME—
DON'T
MOVE!

DON'T GO
ANYWHERE!

I'LL BE
RIGHT
OVER!





BUT MY
"ISSUES IN
PSYCHE" CLASS
DID A WHOLE
THING ON THE
E.S.P. PROGRAM
THE SOVIETS
HAD DURING THE
SEVENTIES AND
EIGHTIES.

I MEAN,
THEY HAD SOME
OF THE TOP
SCIENTISTS IN
THE WORLD
WORKING ON IT,
AND THEY TOOK
IT SERIOUSLY.

YEAH, AND
LOOK WHAT
HAPPENED TO
THE BERLIN
WALL.



HA, HA,
ALL I'M
SAVING IS,
WHAT IF THIS
ISN'T A
VISION?

WHAT IF
THIS POOR
CHICK REALLY
IS TRYING TO
CONTACT
YOU?

IF SHE'S REAL,
THEN SHE'S IN REAL
TROUBLE, AND SHE'S
RIGHT— ONLY YOU
CAN HELP HER.



WHAT
DO YOU WANT
ME TO DO? I
ALREADY MADE
AN APPOINTMENT
TO SEE A
NEUROLOGIST—
BUT HE'S
BOOKED UP
UNTIL NEXT
WEEK.

LOOK, IF YOU
ARE... RECEIVING
THOUGHTS FROM
SOMEBODY
ELSE'S BRAIN...



...MAYBE YOU
SHOULD TRY
TRANSMITTING
SOME.

MAKE THE
CONVERSATION
TWO-WAY.









OH NO
OH NO OH NO
OH NO

UNLESS
YOU COME
FOR ME



WAIT...
AM I... TOTALLY
LOSING IT...

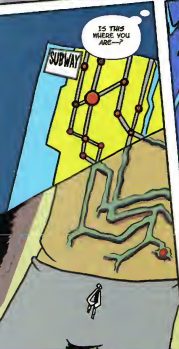
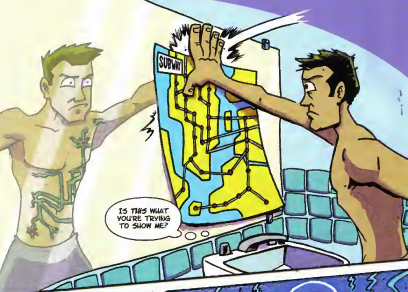
OR...
IS THAT...

... FAMILIAR---?



COME FOR
ME NOW

OHAY, OHAY,
KEEP YOUR
PANTS ON.







HELLO?
MYSTERY GIRL?
YOU THERE?



BREAKER,
BREAKER...
COME IN, GOOD
DUDDY...

HAILING
FREQUENCIES
OPEN, BY
CENTRAL...



I'M HERE, IN
BRIGHTON BEACH,
THE NEIGHBORHOOD
WHERE YOU TOLD
ME TO GO.

BUT NOW
YOU'RE GONNA HAVE
TO GIVE SOME MORE
SPECIFICS TO...





I HAVE
TO KNOW!



ANNNNGGGG-
AAAAHHH!!



YOU BETTER
BE WORTH THIS,
DREAM GIRL...

I NEVER
STUCK MY ARSE
OUT FOR ANYBODY
IN MY WHOLE LIFE...



YOU SHOULD
CONSIDER YOURSELF
LUCKY YOU FOUND
AN EXPERIENCED
JUVENILE DELINQUENT
AS YOUR TELEPATHIC
RECEIVER!



HEY ...
MAYBE SHE'S A
KIDNAPPED HEIRESS
OR SOMETHING!

MAYBE THERE'LL
BE A REWARD FOR
HER RESCUE!



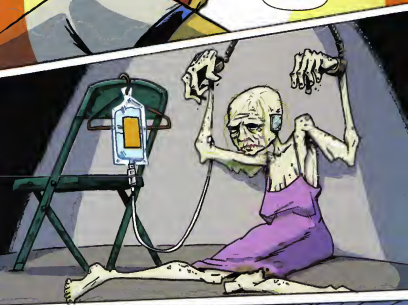
AT THE
VERY LEAST...

...I BETTER
GET A DATE
OUT OF
THIS!



HEY...
HEY, MISS?

IS THAT YOU?
IS THAT—





AAAAHH!!

AAAGHHHH--



<I HATE
THE SCREAMERS
THE MOST.>

GRUNT

<THAT'S ALL THE
TEST SUBJECTS DR.
KRYLOV NEEDS, DA?
WE COLLECTED THEM
IN RECORD TIME!>

<OUR
"BROADCASTER"
WORKED WONDERS,
AS USUAL.>

<IT'S AMAZING
HOW A PRETTY
FACE WILL DISARM
EVEN THE MOST
POWERFUL LATENT
TELEPATHS.>







Turns out
Chandler Wells was
just like every other
man - a sucker for a
pretty face!

Speaking of
suckers, the Crypt-keeper
and the Vault-keeper seemed
to have had some unfortunate
side effects to my cauldron's
creepy casserole!

>BBLLARGHFF!!<

While ol'
C-K is up-chucking
in his inner
sanctum--

>BLAARRRRFFF!!<

--V-K has
suddenly become
all warm and
fuzzy!

I'll get
you for this,
old witch!

If Barf-Breath is
able to get his act together
he should be ready to host his
Crypt-keeper's corner column,
featuring your countless requests
to dump him and the Vault-keeper,
and to have me take over tales
from the Crypt on a permanent
basis! Be here next issue to
see if justice prevails.



BUUUURPPP!

'Scuze me, kiddies, your ol' pal the Crypt-Keeper just had the most DREADFUL DINING experience, thanks to The Old Witch! Would you believe she made me SICK and the Vault-Keeper RAT-ATOUILLE! If she ever invites you to lunch, RUN FOR YOUR LIFE!

Meanwhile, back at the CRYPT... we're still painfully PINCHING ourselves (don't try this at home!) over all the attention last issue's SCARY SARAH PALIN cover (drawn by Ricko "the Sicko" Parker) and CATHY GAINES MIFSUDS special editorial received!

For example, GHOULISH GEOFF (THE BUTCHER) BOUCHER of the L. A. Times wrote a GHASTLY PIECE about it, which was picked up by the Associated Press and SPLATTERED across newspapers world-wide. Geoffy wrote...

"The cover is a reference to two instances of content debate, one that played out on a national stage and the other a seemingly minor moment in Alaska that has been made major by the current political season.

"Tales from the Crypt" became one of the signature names in horror and American pop culture after five years of memoeable mayhem that ended in 1955. That was after months of intense pressure and new industry regulations targeting the lurid comics, spurred by televised Senate subcommittee hearings on juvenile delinquency and its causes.

"Palin, meanwhile, has taken heat for some overtures she made in 1996 while as mayor of Wasilla, Alaska. Criticized after reports that she sought to ban books from a local public library, the GOP candidate has said that on two occasions she asked 'a rhetorical question' about removing objectionable books from shelves, but that she never pursued it or mentioned specific titles.

"But any White House candidate who even entertains a conversation about book banning is a natural enemy to 'Tales from the Crypt,' according to Jim Salterup, editor-in-chief of Papercutz, the publisher that revived the classic title about 16 months ago. 'This was not a partisan thing. People tend to think of everything as black and white these days -- you are either for or against one of the parties 100%. But for us this was about the history of EC Comics, the original publisher of 'Tales from the Crypt.' Anyone who knows that history knows that even of whiff of banning books is going to get us angry."

Well, la-der-dah! Who knew Salterup was such a POLITICAL PUN-DIT? GRUESOME GRAEME McMILLAN writing the Political Science (Fiction) column on io9 asked 'Are Comics Part of the Left-Wing Media Conspiracy?' as well as...

"You may be wondering exactly what Sarah Palin's personal policies are, ahead of tonight's Vice Presidential Debate, and we're happy to help you with that: Apparently, she's anti-witch... or, at least, that's the message that we get from this cover from the October issue of the revived TALES FROM THE CRYPT. And, as this year's US Presidential election nears, this age previously non-partisan genre staple's move into editorializing against the Republican ticket is only one way in which comics are trying to get in on the action."



But the *bestest* **POLITICALLY INCORRECT** observation was online at *Gawker.com*, where **INSANE IAN SPIEGELMAN** wrote:

"The highlight of Sarah Palin's career? It's not her guest spot on SNL, or her scary stump speeches in front of screaming crazy racists. It's this cover for ... *Tales from the Crypt*."

But enough about that! There were two SHOCK-FILLED STORIES in TALES FROM THE CRYPT #8 as well. And while we're still tabulating the votes on which SCARE-TALE was our ROTTEN READER'S fave, we did receive a couple of RIOTOUS REACTIONS... (In the meantime, go to the TALES FROM THE CRYPT section of www.papercutz.com and vote online for your favorite story from THIS issue!)

Subject: TALES FROM THE CRYPT #8

As a long-time fan of EC Comics, I welcome the revival of **TALES FROM THE CRYPT** and the guest editorial by Cathy Gaines Mifsud.

As a long-time fan of EC Comics, it's interesting to see the return of the Ray Bradbury "Home to Stay" precedent (**WEIRD FANTASY** #13). You forgot to acknowledge Stanley G. Weinbaum's (writing as John Jesel) oft-reprinted "The Adaptive Ultimate" (originally published in *Amazing Stories*, November 1935) or its film adaptation **SHE DEVIL** (1957) as the source of "She Who Would Rule the World."

I wish you the best of luck in the future.
Leonid Doroschenko

If only we had an editor with the SCI-FI CREDITS as LEONID, then we'd really be DANGEROUS! Sadly, we're still stuck with Salicrup, and he lamely pleads that the correct credits in both TALES FROM THE CRYPT comic #8 and graphic novel # 5 should have read:

"SHE WHO WOULD RULE THE WORLD"
(BASED ON "THE ADAPTIVE ULTIMATE")
BY STANLEY G. WEINBAUM
ADAPTED BY
CHRISTIAN ZAMER
WRITER, ARTIST, LETTERER, COLORIST,
MARVIN MARIANO
COLORIST

Dear Crypt-Keeper,

Just wanted to make a few comments about **TFTC** #8. "She Who Would Rule the World" was very well done. Both the story and the art were great. Very enjoyable. As for "Virtual Hoodoo," it was passable, but did not do much for me. One thing I found hilarious... Bart's left hand shot up from the crypt when the monsters called upon him. In and of itself, not funny. However, when you consider his left arm was ripped off by Crazy

Skeleton Man just three pages earlier... pretty funny!

In closing, I'd just like to thank you for bringing back this classic title. Also, thank you for having a letters page. The lettercol is such a great aspect of comicbooks, and so few still have them.

Sincerely,
Mark Robinson
Colorado Springs, CO

Hey, Mark, did you ever think that those other comics don't have letter columns 'cause they can't get Yours Truly to write 'em in my world-famous HORRIFIC style? Let's face it, how can they really compete with me?

Dear Crypt-Keeper,

Hello my name is Brett, I live in England, and I am a big fan of the old **TALES FROM THE CRYPT** comics and I just recently purchased number 7 of the new **TALES FROM THE CRYPT** comics. I loved it, but here in England it is hard to get hold of your comics. So how can I subscribe? And also will I be able to back order and get the first 6 issues as well as future ones.

Brett Stephenson
England

*What's the matter, Brett? Too lazy to travel to the US to get your horror comics fix? Fortunately for you there's mulehighcomics.com for back issues, and barnesandnoble.com for our **CADAVEROUS COLLECTED EDITIONS**, available in both soft and (for those who collect STIFFS...) hard covers.*

Keep those emails and letters coming - and if you've got any Pepto, we could use that too. Send letters to:

The Crypt-Keeper's Corner
40 Exchange Place, Suite 1308
New York, NY 10005

Or email your comments to the Old Editor at:
salicrup@papercutz.com

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E.C. FANS!

YOU'VE WRITTEN!
YOU'VE E-MAILED!
YOU'VE PHONED!
YOU'VE THREATENED US!
YOU'VE DEMANDED!
(BUT WE'RE COMING OUT WITH
THESE COLLECTIONS ANYWAY!)



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KURTZMAN, JOE ORLANDO, GEORGE ROUSSOS, MARIE SEVERIN, AL
WILLIAMSON, AND WALLY WOOD.

"BRAIN FOOD"

ROB VOLLMAR
WRITER

TIM SMITH 3
ARTIST

MARK LERER
LETTERER

LAURIE E. SMITH
COLORIST



THE CRYPT-KEEPER

"MURDER M.A.I.D."

GREG FARSHTEY
WRITER

MR. EXES
ARTIST

MARK LERER
LETTERER

GHOULUNATICS SEQUENCES

JIM SALICRUP
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TERROR



NO. 10
ALL-NEW!

TALES FROM THE CRYPT



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FEATURING...



THE CRYPT-KEEPER



THE OLD WITCH



THE VAULT-KEEPER

IN THIS ISSUE:
AN ALL-NEW STORY BY
GREG FARSHTEY
BIONICLE® COMICS AUTHOR!



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THE CRYPT OF TERROR





AND IN THAT
FINAL MOMENT,
I REMEMBER.

REMEMBER HOW
IT BEGAN.



THAT LOOK OF
URGENT FEAR ONLY
HALF-CONCEALED
BY THE PATIENT'S
AWARENESS OF
THE GULF THAT
SEPARATES US.



HE RUNS
HIS TONGUE
NERVOUSLY
ACROSS HIS
DRY LIPS
THREE TIMES...

...BEFORE FINALLY
UTTERING THE
WORDS THAT
CHANGE MY LIFE
FOREVER.

DOC-P





THE MOTHER—DEAD NOW
TWO YEARS OF CARDIAC
FAILURE UNDER MYSTERIOUS
CIRCUMSTANCES

THE CATALYST FOR THE
PATIENT'S FIRST REFERRAL
TO THIS FACILITY AS A
CLASSIC SELF-MUTILATOR



ONLY THIS ONE BLAMES HIS BREAKTHROUGH
EPISODE ON A SUPERNATURALLY CURSED
"FULLY POSEABLE, MICRO-ARTICULATED
ACTION FIGURE." WHATEVER THAT MEANS

I ELECT TO ENGAGE HIM.





HOW COMFORTING
IT MUST BE TO
EXPLAIN AWAY ALL
OF LIFE'S ILLS BY
THE EXISTENCE OF
A BRAIN-EATING
MONSTER.



CAN'T HOLD A JOB?
BRAIN-EATING
MONSTER. GLOBAL
WARMING? TRY A
BRAIN-EATING
MONSTER INSTEAD.

YOU HAVE NOTHING
TO WORRY ABOUT,
THOMAS.

I HAVE IT ON
GOOD AUTHORITY
THAT THERE ARE NO
BRAIN-EATING MON-
STERS LOOSE IN
THIS FACILITY.

IF YOU
SAY SO.



LIE BACK AND
TRY TO RELAX.

THEN I'LL LET THE
NURSES KNOW THAT
YOU ARE DUE FOR
YOUR MEDS.

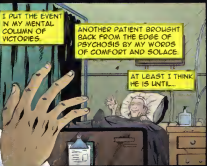
THANKS.



I PUT THE EVENT
IN MY MENTAL
COLUMN OF
VICTORIES.

ANOTHER PATIENT BROUGHT
BACK FROM THE EDGE OF
PSYCHOSIS BY MY WORDS
OF COMFORT AND SOLACE.

AT LEAST I THINK
HE IS UNTIL...







THE BRAIN-EATING MONSTER STRIKES AGAIN!

PERHAPS, IN LIGHT OF WHAT CAME AFTER, I CAN SEE HOW MY RESPONSE TO THE PATIENT'S WARNINGS COULD BE CONSTRUED AS... DISPROPORTIONATE.



THIS WAY, GENTLEMEN, AND ROUGHLY, IF YOU LIKE.

HOT DOS!



OW! THAT SUCKED!

THAT'S GOOD, THOMAS.

DON'T BE AFRAID TO VOCALIZE YOUR MOST VIOLENT IMPULSES.

WHAT VIOLENT IMPULSES?

I JUST DON'T WANT MY BRAIN TO GET EATEN!

TUT, TUT, THOMAS.





TAKE MR. DONALLEY
BACK TO HIS ROOM.
FOUR POINT
RESTRAINT.

AND SEE THAT THE
NURSE STARTS HIM ON THIS
REGIMEN OF EXPERIMENTAL
AND POSSIBLY DANGEROUS
ANTI-PSYCHOTICS
AT ONCE.



BUT WHAT IF THE MURDERS DON'T
END THERE, THUS PROVING THAT
THOMAS ISN'T THE SO-CALLED
"BRAIN-EATER"?



IT BECOMES APPARENT ALMOST IMMEDIATELY THAT THE KEY TO FIGHTING THIS DELUSION IS TO SUBJECT IT TO THE SCIENTIFIC PROCESS.



THERE WILL BE NO MORE OF THIS UNSCIENTIFIC BRAIN-EATER CLAPTRAP.

THIS GENTLEMAN IS THE NEW FACE OF ENCEPHALOPHAGIA!



I CAN'T EVEN REMEMBER WHAT THE OLD ONE LOOKED LIKE...

YOU ARE, OF COURSE, WELL AWARE OF THE CURIOUS STRING OF BRAIN EXTRACTIONS THAT HAVE OCCURRED ON OUR WATCH OF LATE.

WELL, NOW THAT HE BRINGS IT UP...

I GUESS SIX IN A WEEK DOES CONSTITUTE SOME KIND OF PATTERN.

DID YOU KNOW THAT THERE WAS AN OLD FACE OF ENCEPHALOPHAGIA?









OH, I DON'T DISPUTE THAT YOU BELIEVE THAT WITH ALL YOUR HEART AND MIND BUT IMAGINE IF YOU WERE EXPERIENCING A COMPLETE PSYCHOTIC BREAK WHERE YOU ARE ABLE TO ACT OUT YOUR MOST UNTHINKABLE IMPULSES WITH NO FEAR OF RECALL AFTERWARDS.



I'LL BE FAMOUS!

YOU'LL BE FAMOUS!

I WILL?



DOCTORS WILL WANT TO COME FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD TO STUDY YOUR UNIQUE CASE.



WOW, WILL THEIR HANDS LEAVE COOL LIGHT TRAILS IN THE AIR LIKE YOURS DO?

THE MEDICA INSTITUTE WILL BECOME SYNONYMOUS WITH THE MOST CUTTING EDGE RESEARCH INTO THE EXTREMITIES OF THE HUMAN PSYCHE!



BUT BEFORE ANY OF THAT CAN HAPPEN, YOU AND I HAVE VITAL WORK THAT MUST BE DONE!

IT'S A GOOD THING THAT THERE'S SO MANY OF YOU...

DOCTOR ANDERS!! COME QUICK!!



SOME PATIENTS
WILL BE LOST
AND SOME WILL
BE SAVED. THAT'S
THE CURRENCY
OF FAILURE WHEN
YOU ARE
A DOCTOR.



BUT WHAT MEANING
ARE WE TO TAKE...

...WHEN IT IS
THE DOCTORS
WHO ARE LOST?

I D-DON'T
UNDERSTAND.



JUST
LIKE BEFORE,
DOC.

NOT A BRAIN
TO PIECE TOGETHER
BETWEEN THEM.



SUCH
BRILLIANT
MINDS.

REDUCED
TO WHAT?

FOOD?

LOOK, DOC, WE'VE
ALREADY CALLED THE
COPS AND THEY ARE ON
THEIR WAY. BETTER THAT
YOU JUST GO LIE
DOWN UNTIL THEY
GET HERE.



FOR ONE MOMENT, I
CONSIDER FOLLOWING
HIS ADVICE. MAYBE I
SHOULD LIE DOWN

HAVEN'T I BEEN
UNDER A LOT
OF STRESS
LATELY? I CAN'T
REMEMBER.



THEN I
REALIZE...

THAT'S JUST
WHAT IT WANTS
ME TO DO. THINK
RATIONALLY.

LAY DOWN
CLOSE MY
EYES AND
WAIT.



AND SO, INSTEAD, I DO SOMETHING
ELSE. SOMETHING CRAZY.

THOMAS?
IT'S ME, DOCTOR
ANDERS. WAKE
UP!

HUH?





IF EVER YOU FIND YOURSELF IN
THE WILDERNESS WITH A FRIEND...

WHERE'RE
WE GOIN'?

JUST TRY
TO FOCUS ON
STAYING AWAKE. I'M
TAKING YOU OUT OF
THIS FACILITY ON MY
AUTHORITY.

AND YOU JUST SO HAPPEN TO
FIND YOURSELVES CONFRONTED
BY A GRIZZLY BEAR...

I DON'T
FEEL SO
GOOD.

JUST A FEW
MORE YARDS,
THOMAS.

JUST REMEMBER...

THE
EMERGENCY
LOCKS HAVE
ENGAGED!

WHICH
KEY?

THE FOOTRACE
ISN'T BETWEEN
YOU AND THE
BEAR...

UH,
DOC?







MEET THE EX-
WIFE, EMBERSON
SALE. HER VISIT
TO HER FORMER
HUSBAND'S
HOUSE IS NOT
A SOCIAL ONE.

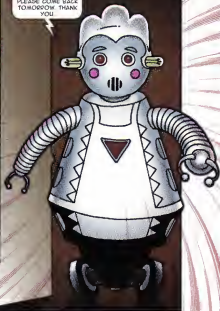
COME
ON, OPEN THE
DOOR, YOU--

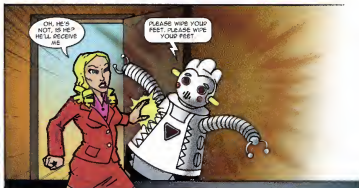
**BING
BONG**

CREAK

WELL, IT'S
ABOUT TIME,
EMERSON!

DR. SALE IS NOT
RECEIVING VISITORS.
PLEASE COME BACK
TOMORROW. THANK
YOU.





M.A.I.D? DON'T TELL ME
ANOTHER ONE OF YOUR
STUPID INVENTIONS?

M.A.I.D. MULTIFUNCTIONAL
AUTOMATED IMMACULATE
DISPOSAL UNIT. HOW MAY
I ASSIST YOU?

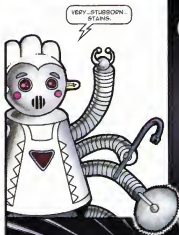
GUTE COULDN'T
FIND A REAL
WOMAN TO CLEAN
YOUR HOUSE FOR
YOU, HUH?

I DON'T
HAVE TIME TO
DEAL WITH PEOPLE—
TO ANSWER THEIR QUES-
TIONS, LISTEN TO THEIR
COMPLAINTS, OR PICK UP
THEIR MESSES. THIS
NEW M.A.I.D DOES
ALL THAT FOR ME.
WATCH.

M.A.I.D
DEPLOY

YES,
DOCTOR.

YOU SEE? EVERYTHING A
MODERN MAINTENANCE
ROBOT NEEDS, ALL IN
ONE UNIT.





CRASH!

YOU HAVE MADE A
MESS. ACTIVATING
CLEANSING AND
DISPOSAL PROGRAM.



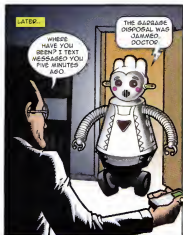
THIS ISN'T
OVER! YOU'LL BE
HEARING FROM MY
LAWYER!

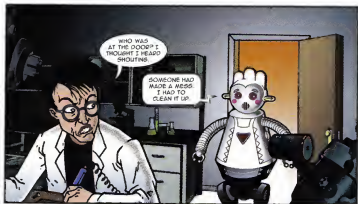
PROGRAM ACTIVATED
COMMAND RECEIVED.
ASSIST GUEST TO
DEPART.



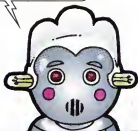
WHAT ARE
YOU DOING?
STOP FOLLOWING
ME, YOU PIECE
OF JUNK!

YOU HAVE
MADE A MESS.
MRS. GALE
MESSSES MUST
BE DISPOSED
OF.

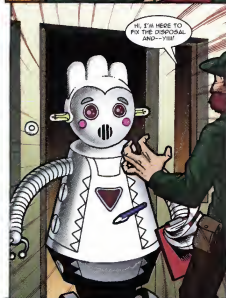




MESS SPEEDS DISORDER. DISORDER SPEEDS INEFFICIENCY. INEFFICIENCY IS THE ENEMY OF RATIONAL THOUGHT.



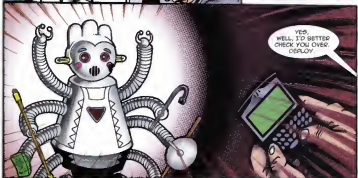
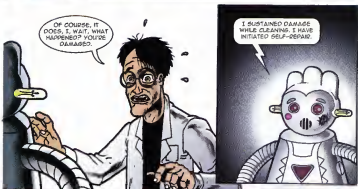


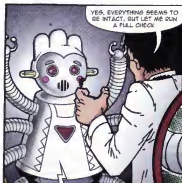






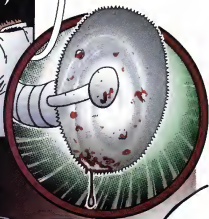






YES, EVERYTHING SEEMS TO BE INTACT, BUT LET ME RUN A FULL CHECK.

YES, YES, FINE, I... WHAT IS THAT? IT LOOKS LIKE... BLOOD.



I AM IN WORKING ORDER. MESSSES WILL BE ELIMINATED. DISRUPTION FROM NEIGHBORS WILL BE ENDED.

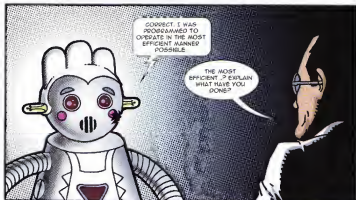


...WHY IS THERE BLOOD ON YOUR SAW TOOL?

I HAVE BEEN CARRYING OUT MY PROGRAMMING.



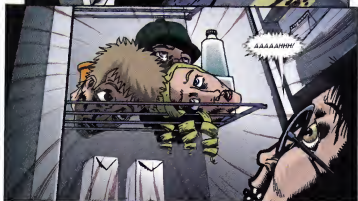
YOU WERE PROGRAMMED TO ANSWER THE DOOR AND THE PHONE... TO GET THE MAIL... TO CLEAN UP ANY MESSSES IN THE HOUSE... THAT'S ALL.

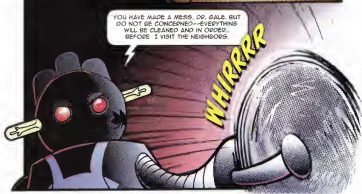
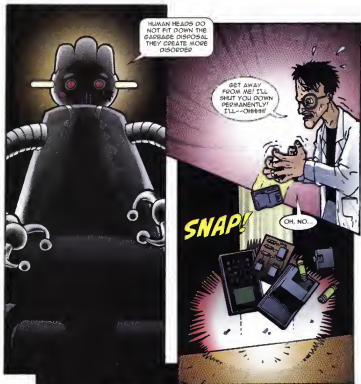


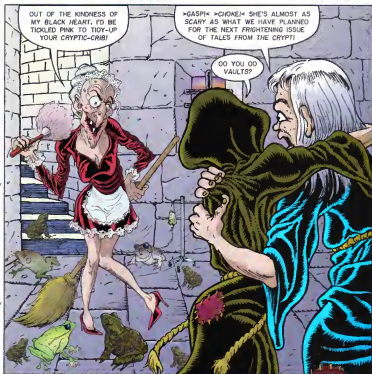
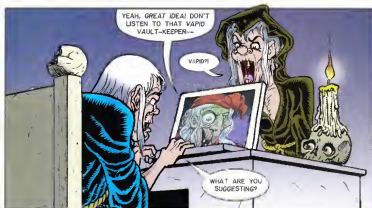
CLEANING UP A MESS IS A TEMPORARY SOLUTION. IT IS FAR MORE EFFICIENT TO ELIMINATE THE CAUSE OF THE MESS.

WAIT A MINUTE, YESTERDAY, YOU SAID SOMETHING. WHEN SARAH THREW THE BEAKER, YOU SAID SHE HAD MADE A MESS.

CORRECT. THAT HAS BEEN DEALT WITH. THERE WILL BE NO FUTURE DISORDER.







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Who knew **THE OLD WITCH** was so jealous of **TALES FROM THE CRYPT**'s successful return to NIGHTMARISH NEWSSTANDS and CREEPY COMICBOOK STORES? But what kind of CRYPT-KEEPER would I be if I couldn't deal with ENVIIOUS EC-CENTRICS? As if REAL-LIFE wasn't SCARY enough, it seems all you BOILS and GHOULS still enjoy my unique style of SHOCK SUSPENSTORIES! Even tired ol' TIME MAGAZINE featured the cover **TALES FROM THE CRYPT** #8 in a recent issue! Though they missed the REAL STORY – that **TALES FROM THE CRYPT** is back, baby!

But with all that MEDIA FRENZY behind us, we've managed to count up all the votes for your favorite FEAR-Y TALE from **TALES FROM THE CRYPT** #8. The winner is "She Who Would Rule the World," Christian Zamer's ULTIMATE ADAPTATION of Stanley G. Weinbaum's classic sci-fi short story "The Adaptive Ultimate." The race was as tight as the Vault-Keeper's grip on INSANITY, with Joe R. Lansdale and John L. Lamolele's "Virtual Hoo-doo," illustrated by James Romberger and Marguerite Van Cook coming in a close second.

As for last issue's contest, it seems that some of you LAME-BRAINED LUDDITES may have had trouble finding our new online poll – there weren't nearly as many votes as we expected! What's wrong, kiddies? Don't you realize that VOTING is not only a right, but your PATRIOTIC DUTY? How else will we determine exactly what kind of TERROR-TALES to present on our not-so-pulpy page? Be that as it may, John L. Lansdale, James Romberger and Marguerite Van Cook's "Chicken Man," the scariest story featuring hens and routers this side of TROMA's POULTRYGEIST, won top honors over Fred Van Lente and Ryan Dunlavey's

"Glass Heads." Poor Ryan will just have to settle for having his AWFUL ARTWORK being on display at New York City's MUSEUM OF COMIC AND CARTOON ART (www.mocartny.org), while his PARTNER-IN-SLIME consoles himself scripting MARVEL ZOMBIES 3, from that company that once was known as ATLAS!

Now, I can understand the Vault-Keeper not being able to find our poll – he can hardly find his way back to his VAULT OF HORROR – but the rest of you fan-addicts?! Just go to www.papercutz.com, find the **TALES FROM THE CRYPT** section – don't be scared off by that terrifying GHOUL DETECTIVE, NANCY DROOL or those BRAINLESS BIONICKLESANDDIMES – and click on this issue's cover to vote for your favorite story from this issue! See, it's EC!

Don't forget, if you ever miss an issue (Gaww forbid!) of **TALES FROM THE CRYPT**, you can still find the stories collected in paperback and hardcover collections wherever books are sold! There's even a boxed set ON SALE NOW collecting paperback volumes #1 ("Ghouls Gaur Wild!"), #2 ("Can You Fear Me Now?"), #3 ("Zombielicious!"), and #4 ("Crypt-Keeping It Real")! So, you see, thanks to our GREEDY PUBLISHERS, you're never without access to all our CRYPT-Y BADNESS!

And speaking of BADNESS, time to hear what our FIENDISH FANS have to say . . .

Dear The Crypt-Keeper, The Old Witch and The Vault-Keeper:

I must say that these two stories in **TALES FROM THE CRYPT** #8 really gave me some shivers this

evening. "She Who Would Rule the World" is a story of two doctors that thought they were going to win the Nobel Peace Prize for achieving a magnificent healing process on a human subject. Apep Nephthys who was lying on her death bed, inflicted with AIDS, becomes a gorgeous woman that is invincible. Her genetic makeup continues and she thinks she has the ultimate power of doing anything and everything she wishes. She had no conscience and commits a random act of murder, just because she can. She becomes Homo Superior. I can only wonder how she would have continued to evolve, if it was not for the good doctors ending it all in a grand finale. Great story, it had me going. Whew!

Then "Virtual Hoodoo" was somewhat grisly to say the least, especially when that poor guy was bludgeoned to death with a bowl and spoon. Yep, it turned out to be a nice neighborhood without Sidney, a neighborhood filled with monsters! Since I am a ghosthunter, I enjoy these kind of comicbooks. I recently was told by Cartoon Network that I am on a short list as a technical consultant for a pilot called "Afterschool Paranormal" that is produced by two producers from Sci Fi Channel's Destination Truth. I am also flying to the Mayan pyramids for Showtime - Penn & Teller Show, to investigate the Mayan prophesy of 2012. As you can see everyone loves horror, everyone loves the paranormal. That is why I will be taking a few of my TALES FROM THE CRYPT comics to Mexico with me. Love ya guys!

Paul Dale Roberts
General Manager/Paranormal Investigator

A ghosthunter, eh? You may want to check out the Museum of Comic and Cartoon Art! No, not for Dunlavy's exhibit, scary as that may be! They've also got an exhibit devoted to Harvey Comics, home to >gasp< >choker< CASPER, THE FRIENDLY GHOST! See 'em, PDR!

Subject: TALES FROM THE CRYPT

This stuff is great. I remember reading reprints of the originals back in the '80's, so as a 35 year-old reader that came across this new series, I absolutely love it. I just love the tales and I can't get enough. I finish each book thirsting for more. I just read #1 and #2 and have read about your plans for CLASSICS ILLUSTRATED, which I think is great. Keep up the good work!

A fan,
Steven Orris

Thanks, Steve! As for CLASSICS ILLUSTRATED, you won't find too many of those lurking in the CRYPT OF TERROR, but we're making a couple of exceptions for CLASSICS ILLUSTRATED DELUXE #3 -- "FRANKENSTEIN" and CLASSICS ILLUSTRATED

#4 - "THE RAVEN AND OTHER POEMS." Marion Mousse's all-new adaptation of Mary Shelley's original novel is a MODERN MONSTERPIECE! Already HORROR FANS are comparing Mysterious Mousse's dark drawing style to Hellboy's Mike Mignola, and the storytelling to that of the Spirit's Will Eisner. I'm no expert on comicbook art, but as a CRYPT-KEEPER, I know GHOULISHLY GRUESOME when I see it! And if I ever had to be caught UNDEAD with a book of poetry, it better be by Edgar Allan Poe! Of course, the MACABRE illustrations by GHASTLY GAHAN WILSON add just the right SENSE OF DREAD! Who says the Crypt-Keeper isn't well-read, or well, DEAD?

Subject: YOUR NEW MAG

Dear Crypt-Keeper,

Just wanted to drop a line to tell you what a wonderful idea you had reviving TALES FROM THE CRYPT. I especially love the Crypt-Keeper, Vault-Keeper and the Old Witch. They are some old friends that I missed dearly and I sure am glad they're back from the dead. I love the new mag (although some of the artwork is simply ghastly), and I just wanted to say how happy I am that you don't have any advertising breaking up the stories. I hate that so much I could kill someone. Keep up the gory work!

Gruesomely yours,
Raelayna Alvarez

And it's great to be back from the DEAD - again! Fear not, Raelayna, your BLOODLUST won't be triggered by any disruptively ABYSMAL ADVERTISING in TALES FROM THE CRYPT! That's 'cause we sneak all our APPALLING ADS in this letter column! And speaking of which...

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So, until our next issue, keep those emails and letters coming - we've gotta fill these pages somehow! Send letters to:

The Crypt-Keeper's Corner
40 Exchange Place, Suite 1308
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Or email your comments to the Old Editor at:
salicrup@papercutz.com

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WILLIAMSON, AND WALLY WOOD.

"LITTLE DARLIN"

JOHN L. LANSDALE
WRITER

JAMES ROMBERGER &
MARGUERITE VAN COOK
ARTISTS

JAMES ROMBERGER
LETTERER



THE CRYPT-KEEPER

"HEX AND THE CITY"

STEFAN PETRUCHA
WRITER

MR. EXES
ARTIST

MARK LERER
LETTERER

GHOULUNATICS SEQUENCES

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RICK PARKER
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11



THE WITCH'S CAULDRON!

HEE, HEE! BACK AGAIN, EH? BET YOU'RE WONDERING WHAT THE OLD WITCH IS DOING HERE? YOU WERE EXPECTING THE DECREPIT CRYPT-KEEPER AND HIS PARTNER-IN-SLIME THE VAULT KEEPER, RIGHT?

THE SHOCKING TRUTH IS THAT THEY'RE BOTH HERE—VICTIMS OF CRYPT-FEVER! THEY'VE TOTALLY FREAKED OUT! TOO MUCH TIME SPENT IN THE CRYPT OF TERROR WATCHING YOU TOOMBI! WORST CASE I EVER SAW! THEY EVEN HALLUCINATED SEEING ME DRESSED IN A FRENCH MAID'S UNIFORM!*

NOT TO WORRY—I'M BREWING UP A CURE RIGHT NOW! "HAVE CAULDRON—WILL TRAVEL!" THAT'S MY MOTTO!

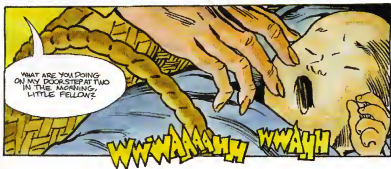
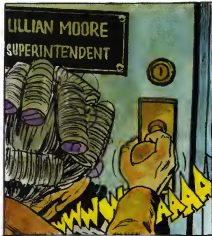
WHILE THIS SIMMERS, LET ME TELL YOU ABOUT ANOTHER LADY WHO HAD TO TAKE CARE OF A LITTLE BOY, A REGULAR...

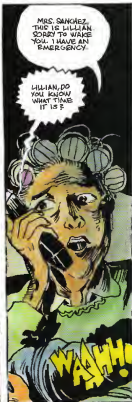
Little
DARLIN'

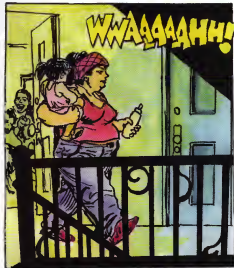
*YOU SAW IT TOO—
LAST ISSUE!







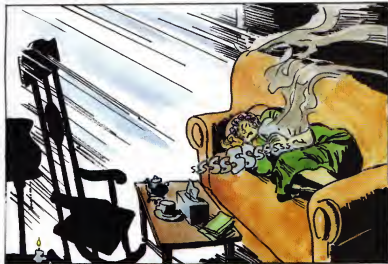


















I THOUGHT
YOU WOULD BE
GLAD I DID.

THEY WILL
TAKE HIM TO A
HOSPITAL.
CHECK HIM
OUT.



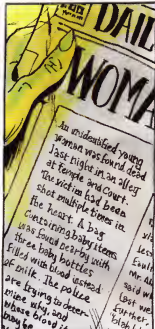
I'M SORRY.
I KNOW YOU
MEANT WELL.

EVER SINCE
ROY DIED I'VE
BEEN SO LONELY...



YOU'RE TOO
OLD TO BE TAKING
CARE OF A BABY
ANYWAY.







**KNOCK
KNOCK
KNOCK**



I'M MRS. WELLS FROM THE DEPARTMENT OF HUMAN SERVICES. I UNDERSTAND SOMEONE LEFT A BABY ON YOUR DOORSTEP LAST NIGHT.



YES, THEY DID, BUT I CAN TAKE CARE OF HIM.



WHAT
HAPPENED
TO YOUR
FINGERS?

OH, IT'S
NOTHING.
COME IN.



IT SURE
IS DARK
IN HERE.

THAT'S THE WAY
I LIKE IT!



MRS. GARCIA
SAID YOU NEVER HAD
CHILDREN. YOU DON'T
KNOW HOW TO TAKE
CARE OF A BABY,



BELIEVE ME,
MRS. WELFORD...

YOU'RE THE
ONE THAT DOESN'T
KNOW HOW TO
TAKE CARE OF HIM.



MRS. MOORE,
BRING ME THE
BABY THIS
INSTANT!

I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO TAKE
MATTERS INTO MY OWN HANDS.





E.C. FANS!

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ROMBERGER, SIMMONS, SMITH 3,
TODD, VELILLA AND VOLLMARI

#1 GHOULS GONE WILD!



#2 CAN YOU FEAR ME NOW?



#3 ZOMBELICIOUS



#4 CRYPT-KEEPING IT REAL



#5 YABBA DABBA VOODOO



#6 YOU TOOMB



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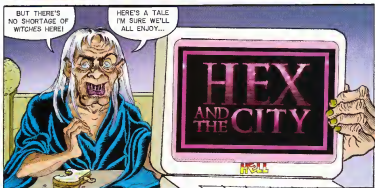
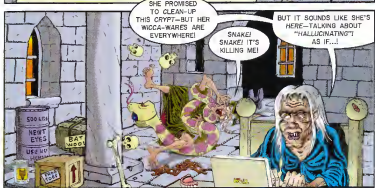


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DISCLAIMER! THIS IS NOT A COMMENTARY ON WICCAN BELIEFS, BUT A CAUTIONARY TALE OF WHAT BEFALLS THOSE WHO USE WHAT THEY DON'T UNDERSTAND FOR SELFISH ENDS!

PLEASE...
HELP ME...

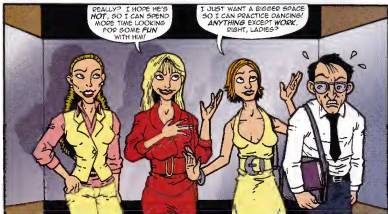
GROSS.
SOMEONE
SHOULD CALL THE
POLICE!

THE
FASHION
POLICE!

IGNORE
THEM! PEOPLE
ARE ONLY HOME-
LESS BECAUSE
THEY WANT TO BE!
JUST LIKE WE'RE
HAPPY AND PRETTY
BECAUSE THAT'S
WHAT WE
WANT!

HOWLSWORTH'S
SON TAKES OVER
TODAY! I CAN'T WAIT TO
ASK HIM FOR A PRIVATE
OFFICE SO I CAN SPEND
MORE TIME SEEKING
TRUE ROMANCE ON
THE WEB!





REALLY? I HOPE HE'S HOT, SO I CAN SPEND MORE TIME LOOKING FOR SOME FUN WITH HIM!

I JUST WANT A BIGGER SPACE SO I CAN PRACTICE DANCING! ANYTHING EXCEPT WORK, RIGHT, LADIES?

E-E-EXCUSE ME, BUT THERE I-I-IS MORE TO LIFE THAN LOOKING AND FEELING G-G-GOOD!



HA-HA! HOW WOULD YOU KNOW?

HA-HA! YOU SURE DON'T LOOK GOOD!

HEE! AND WHO CARES HOW YOU FEEL?





BEFORE YOU MAKE YOUR
FINAL DECISION ABOUT
US, THERE'S SOMETHING
YOU MIGHT WANT TO
CONSIDER!

MAYBE WE DIDN'T WORK, BUT
THERE WAS ONE THING WE DID
FOR YOUR FATHER THAT MADE
US WORTH **EVERYTHING** HE
PAID US AND **MORE!**

YOU
SEE... WE'RE
WICCAN!

WE ARE?
OH, YEAH...
WE ARE!

WICCAN
LIKE YOU
WOULDN'T
BELIEVE!

AND WE PERFORMED
A RITUAL THAT MADE
YOUR FATHER A REAL
MAN!

UH... IT'S THE REASON
HE COULD WRAP
ANYONE HE WANTED
AROUND HIS
FINGER!

VERY
TIGHTLY!

YOU'D LIKE US
TO PERFORM OUR
RITUAL FOR YOU,
WOULDN'T
YOU?

UH... UH...
UH...

YES! YES!
A THOUSAND
TIMES YES!

>>> I'VE
BEEN SO LONELY!
SO AFRAID! AND MY
FATHER NEVER PAID
ANY ATTENTION
TO ME!

ALL HE EVER
GAVE ME WAS
THIS LOUSY BUSINESS!
AND I'M AFRAID OF
BUSINESSES,
TOO!



JUST TELL ME
WHAT I HAVE TO
DO AND I'LL DO
IT!



"FIRST, RENT A SECLUDED *SHACK* WHERE NO ONE CAN FIND YOU... UH... I MEAN *US*! THE RITUAL REQUIRES *POWER SEMS*, BUT A RICH GUY LIKE YOU SHOULD BE ABLE TO AFFORD THEM! NEXT..."

NICE TOUCH FINDING THESE OLD HALLOWEEN COSTUMES!

BUT WHAT ABOUT THIS RITUAL?

AH, I FOUND SOME *BOBIS* CEREMONY ONLINE CALLED *DRAWING DOWN THE MOON*. BUT AS LONG AS WE'RE DANCING AROUND, HE'LL DO WHATEVER WE SAY!

READY TO DRAW DOWN THE MOON, HAND-SOME?

OH, Y-Y-YEAH!

AT THE HEIGHT OF THE RITUAL, YOU'LL HAVE TO DRINK THIS AND SAY THE WORDS I TAUGHT YOU!

"GREAT GOD CERNUNNOS, RETURN TO EARTH AGAIN.
COME AT MY CALL AND SHOW THYSELF TO MEN,
SHEPHERD OF GOATS, UPON THE WILD HILLS WAY,
LEAD THY LOST FLOCK FROM DARKNESS UNTO DAY."

DRINK AND
BREAK!



CHUS-A-LUS!
CHUS-A-LUS!
CHUS-A-LUS!

>BULP-BULP-
BULP!<

I AM THE
POWER!

I AM
THE HORNED
GOD!



I AM...



...NOT FEELING
SO GOOD...



THUD!



THESE SUCKERS ARE
WORTH A MILLION AT
LEAST!

WE CAN START OUR OWN
BUSINESS WE WON'T HAVE
TO WORK FOR!



HE'S GETTING
UP? GET SOMETHING
TO WHACK HIM
WITH!

URGGG



AK-AK-AK!

EW! I HOPE
HE DOESN'T
PUKE!





WHO SUMMONS
THE HORNED GOD?

WHOSE WISHES
SHALL I FILL TO
BURSTING?



YOUR MIND AND BODY ARE NOW A
WRITHING WOUND THAT PULSES TO
THE COSMIC BEAT OF HUNGER'S
HEART!



BEHOLD!
YOU
ARE PART OF THE
DANCE OF THE
REAL!

AND YOU WHO WANTED
ONLY *PHYSICAL* PLEASURE,
WHERE SHALL WE
BEGIN?

YOUR FORM HAS A
BILLION NERVE ENDINGS FOR
FEELING PLEASURE, WHY NOT
SET THEM ALL *AF-FLAME* AT
ONCE?

HELP!

HELLPPP!

NO, I CAN'T
JUST LEAVE!

NOOOOOOOOOO!

NOT
WITHOUT THE
SEMS!

AND WHAT
WAS IT YOU
WANTED?

OIL, NOTHING!
I'M GOOD!

ROMANCE!
THE SWOONING
MAJESTY THAT
MAKES THE WORLD
GO ROUND!

NO, REALLY,
THANKS, BUT...

I CAN GIVE
YOU MORE THAN
THE WORLD!

I CAN GIVE
YOU THE MOON
AND THE STARS!

"SHALL WE START
WITH THE MOON?"

IT'S NOT
POSSIBLE!

WITH LOVE
ALL THINGS ARE
POSSIBLE!

SHALL WE
KISS THE KISS OF
LOVE'S MADNESS?
SHALL WE KISS THE
KISS OF FOREVER?



BUT I
ALSO PROMISED
YOU THE *STARS*.
DIDN'T I?



THE COLD,
UNCARING
STARS?



SURROUNDED
BY AN INFINITE
BLACKNESS AS DARK
AS YOUR OWN BLACK
HEART!



YIEEEEE!

"AND FINALLY, YOU'LL
NEVER HAVE TO WORK
AGAIN."

CAN YOU
BELIEVE THREE JOBS
OPENED AT THE SAME
COMPANY AT THE SAME
TIME? AND WE GOT
THEM?

WE'LL BE
TOGETHER!

IT'S LIKE
I ALWAYS SAY:
LADIES, WISH HARD
ENOUGH AND YOU'LL
GET IT!



AND THE
HOMELESS ARE ONLY
THERE BECAUSE THAT'S
WHERE THEY WANT
TO GO!

PLEASE
PLEASE...

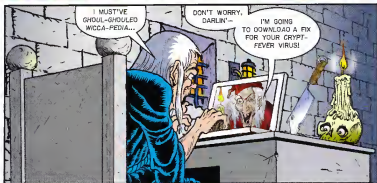
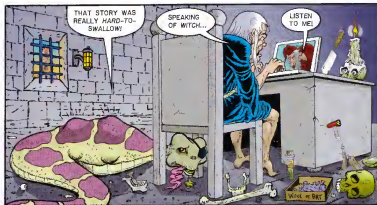




CAN'T WAIT
TO MEET THE
NEW OWNER!

I HEAR
HE'S TOTALLY
HOT!

PLEASE...



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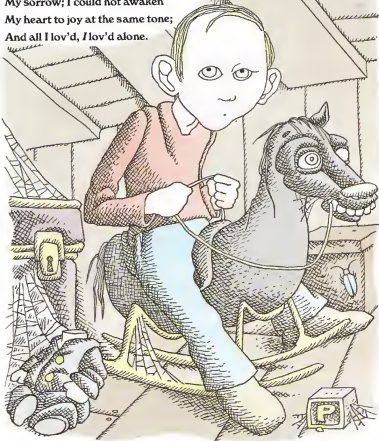
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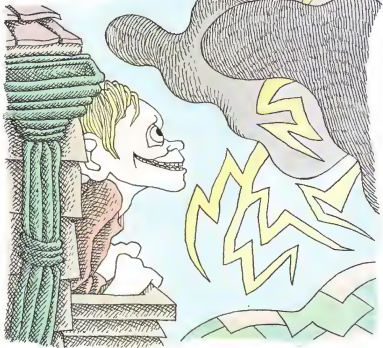
Special preview on the following two pages...

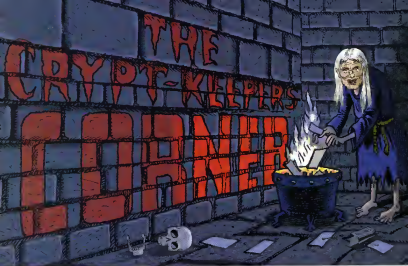
ALONE

From childhood's hour I have not been
As others were—I have not seen
As others saw—I could not bring
My passions from a common spring.
From the same source I have not taken
My sorrow; I could not awaken
My heart to joy at the same tone;
And all I lov'd, I lov'd alone.



Then— in my childhood— in the dawn
Of a most stormy life— was drawn
From ev'ry depth of good and ill
The mystery which binds me still:
From the torrent, or the fountain,
From the red cliff of the mountain,
From the sun that 'round me roll'd
In its autumn tint of gold—
From the lightning in the sky
As it pass'd me flying by—
From the thunder and the storm,
And the cloud that took the form
(When the rest of Heaven was blue)
Of a demon in my view.





The Old Witch is right! The Vault-Keeper and I have been spending too much time keeping Vaults and Crypts, and not enough time keeping SANE! Maybe it's from too much contact with our INSANE EC Fan-Addicts! Or watching too much You Toomb? Well, despite the great risk to my mental health, it's time once again to present your CRAZY COMMENTS and INSANE INSIGHTS!

Although, now that MY sanity is in question, how do I know that these are really YOUR letters? Or in the case of our ONLINE READER'S POLL, how do I know these are really the correct results? Well, outside of a quick crossover with the thrinks from PSYCHOANALYSIS, there's no way to test my state of mind at the moment, so let's just live DANGEROUSLY, and accept whatever comes our way!

According to our PUTRID POLL, "Brain Food" by Rob Vollmar and Tim Smith 3 won an overwhelming 61% of your votes, leaving "Murder M.A.I.D.," by Greg Farshtey and Mr. Exes, a paltry 39% of the vote. That's actually rather SHOCKING when you consider that Mr. Farshtey is the writer of the

BIONICLE graphic novels, the biggest-selling series from Papercutz! Perhaps we should've mentioned that Murder M.A.I.D. was actually the SEVENTH TOA? Or maybe I'm hallucinating again?

To vote for your fave FEAR-Y TALE from the issue you now grasp in your FETID FINGERS, just go to www.papercutz.com, find the TALES FROM THE CRYPT section, and click on this issue's cover to vote for your favorite story from this issue! Oh, and it really helps if you have one of those computer machines to get online.

And don't PANIC or get MAD if you somehow missed a TERROR-FILLED issue of the TALES FROM THE CRYPT comicbook, you can still find the same scary stories collected in equally scary, but albeit smaller-sized paperback and hardcover editions, available from booksellers everywhere! TALES FROM THE CRYPT Graphic Novel #6 "You Toomb" is on sale now, and features all your favorite BRAIN-EATING MONSTERS, VODOO HITMEN, KILLER ROBOTS, and BABY VAMPIRES! But if you're looking for FIENDISH FANS, here they are...

Dear Crypt-Keeper,

I have a new story for you on TV. It's a nasty tale about a boy who likes to draw horror pictures and put them on the wall. One day his pictures begin to come alive. I call it "The Wall of Horror."

Love Your #1 Fan,
Tony Chavez

We've established that I may be even CRAZIER than usual, so keep that in your tiny minds when I UNOFFICIALLY ANNOUNCE that there's an all-new TV movie in the works based on TALES FROM THE CRYPT. It's being created especially for our younger fans, so you BLOOD-THIRSTY GEEZERS will just have to stick with the reruns of the HBO series on the CHILLER channel! But if enough of you BOILS and GHOULS watch the all-new TV movie, an all-new TV series starring me, the ORIGINAL Crypt-Keeper could be in your future!

Dear Crypt-Keeper,

I loooovve the new TALES FROM THE CRYPT series! Cool cover on issue #10. I also have a request. Can you reprint some of the old TALES FROM THE CRYPT stories in your new mag? And try to make your stories kind of like the old ones. Keep up with the stories of monsters! But please, no art like the art in issue #9, the story "Chicken Man." Again, try to make the stories more horror-science fiction, if you know what I mean. Anyway, keep up the gruesome work!

Your Fan,
Jared Hershman, Age 10

Well, Jared, if you want us to keep up the "gruesome work" then we gotta keep using James Romberger! We're sorry you weren't thrilled (and chilled) by his art on "Chicken Man" but so many others were - including fellow CRYPT-contributors John L. Lansdale and Rick "the Sicko" Parker!

Subject: TALES FROM THE CRYPT

This stuff is great. I remember reading reprints of the originals back in the '80's, so as a 35 year-old reader that came across this new series, I absolutely love it. I just love the tales and I can't get enough. I finish each book thirsting for more. I just read #1 and #2 and have read about your plans for CLASSICS ILLUSTRATED, which I think is great. Keep up the good work!

A fan,
Steven Ortiz

Speaking of ROTTING REPRINTS, Steven, in case you were UNAWARE, all the original issues of TALES FROM THE CRYPT are being collected in a series of great, big, full-color hardcover volumes by Gemstone Publishing. But there's a particular Jack Davis-drawn tale that we may be including in one of our upcoming Paperclutz collections. All we can say now is that it may be the most requested CRYPT tale of all (by me)! Stay tuned!

And what better way to stay tuned to the CRYPT OF TERROR than to subscribe?

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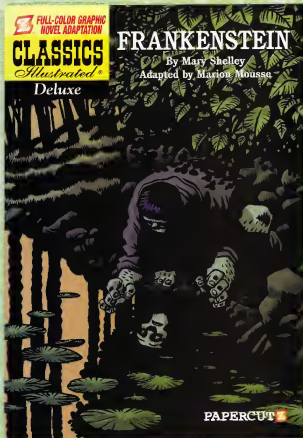
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Or email your comments to the Old Editor at:
salicrup@paperclutz.com

And if any of you are licensed psychiatrists, let me know if I'm NUTS or not!

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